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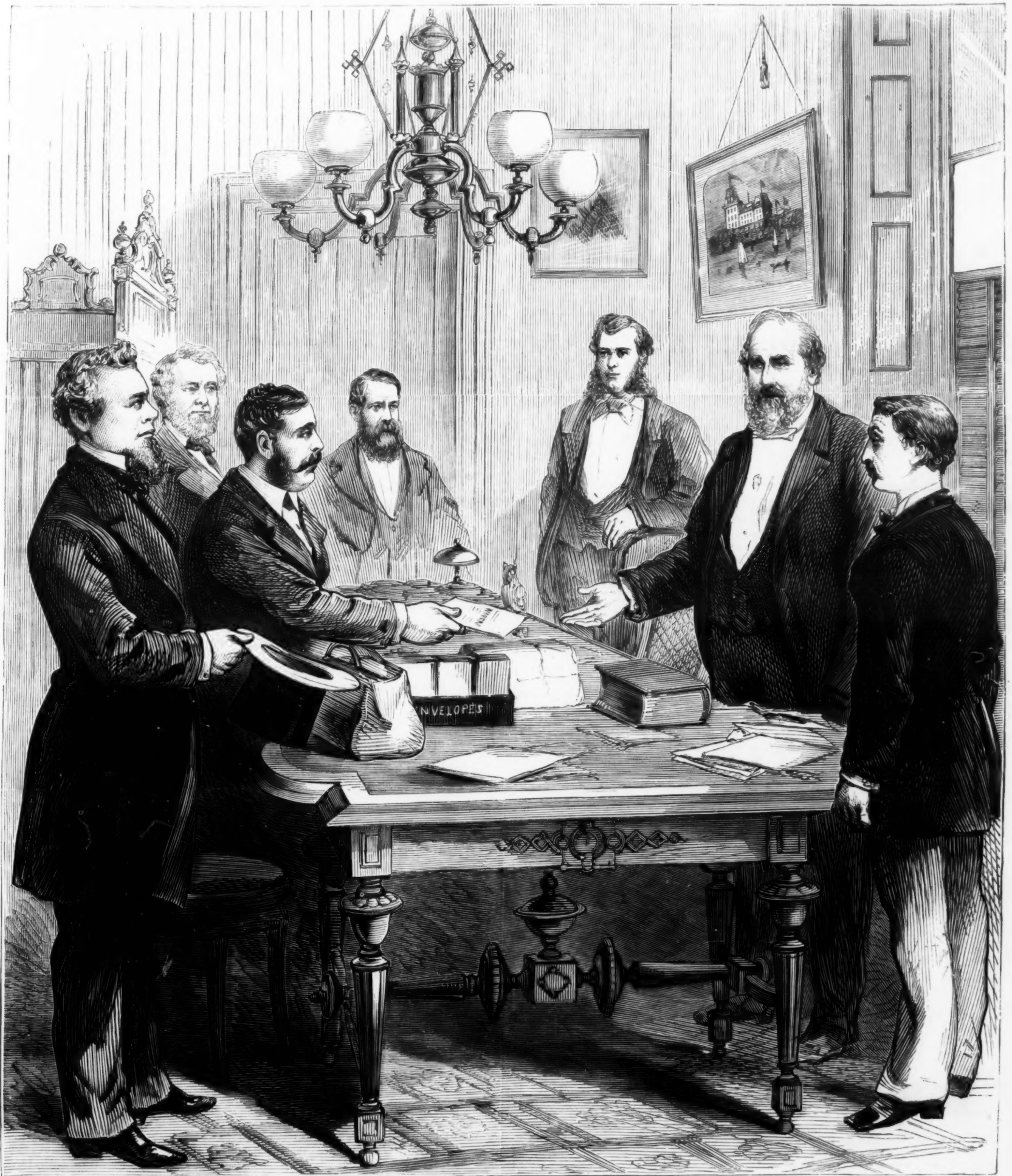
# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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No. 841—VOL. XXXIII.]

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 11, 1871.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4 00 YEARLY.  
13 WEEKS, \$1 00.]



NEW YORK CITY.—SHERIFF BRENNAN SERVING THE WARRANT OF ARREST UPON THE HON. WILLIAM M. TWEED, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS.—SEE PAGE 131.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,  
537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.  
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 11, 1871.

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One copy one year, or 52 numbers - \$4.00  
One copy six months, or 26 numbers - 2.00  
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NOTICE.

Persons wishing to renew their subscriptions to FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER will confer a favor on the Publisher by sending in their names at the earliest convenient moment, before their present subscription expires.

We shall continue in the next number to give our readers a choice selection from the numerous sketches by our artists, and views by our photographers, of the results of the great fire at Chicago, as well as of the work actively going on in the way of restoration.

We have also made extensive preparations for the illustration on an unprecedented scale of the daily expected visit of the Grand Duke Alexis to the United States, and our first number issued after his arrival will contain several most interesting illustrations of the subject.

We desire to call attention to the announcement, among our advertisements, of the first issue of our new paper for the ladies. FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S JOURNAL will appear on Monday next, with the latest Paris Fashions superbly engraved by the first artists; also, choice literature, and varied contents, that cannot fail to please.

The circulation of last week's issue of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, containing scenes from the Chicago Fire, has reached over

**470,000,**

and there is still a demand for copies.—SUN.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is the oldest established Illustrated Paper in America.

It is the only paper in America that devotes itself especially to portraying faithfully the important and interesting events of the day.

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It is the only illustrated paper in America which is not Sectional or Sectarian in its character.

It is the only illustrated paper in America which is what it professes to be, an Illustrated Newspaper.

It costs more to produce the illustrations for this paper (by reason of their originality) than is paid for illustrations by all its self-styled rivals combined.

It publishes ten times as many original illustrations as any pictorial paper in this country.

In a word, in every department appropriate to an illustrated newspaper, it is absolutely without a competitor.

ASHBURY'S SLIP "TWIXT CUP  
AND LIP.

"We have met the enemy and we are his'n!" was the ejaculation wrung from the defeated party on a memorable occasion of rustic strife. More grammatically, but to the same purport, must the English yachtsman write the report of his trial here with the combined fleet of the United States. He has encountered an almost unbroken series of defeats, relieved but by one success, and vainly strives by explanatory letters and somewhat obsequious speech (if interviewers are reliable), to break the force of his fall.

Mr. Ashbury's coming, and the advent of his new yacht, the *Livonia*, were heralded by so great a preliminary flourish of trumpets, that the American public, like Dickens's "Pip,"

could not fail to have "great expectations," which were destined to be as signally disappointed in this case as in that.

English yachting, as represented by Mr. Ashbury and his yacht, has made a bad show, and British yachtsmen have little cause to thank their self-appointed champion for his over-zeal in search of the cup. Neither does the British champion mend matters by rushing so profusely into print, the *cacathes scribendi* being apparently as strong a passion with him as the line of yachting.

His lengthy letters have more in them of the bird-lime of the special pleader than the salt of the Jack Tar. He has earned the title of Sea-Lawyer—a name of bad repute among mariners—and his law is of a very technical and casuistical kind.

But whatever may be the faults or shortcomings of the individual, as a representative of British yachtsmen, and as a plucky challenger of a whole fleet, he was and is entitled to more consideration and courtesy than would be his due under ordinary circumstances. That he has shown unflinching pertinacity and pluck under very trying circumstances, in repeating an effort in which he had so signally failed already, cannot be denied. He was entitled not only to fair play, but to much more, and "the rigor of the game" ought not to have been shown toward him by his adversaries. And in this matter, we must frankly say that our side has shown some shortcomings, and has not acted as liberally as might have been expected. Without endorsing the justice or discussing the correctness of the exceptions taken, in Mr. Ashbury's letters, to his treatment, and the decisions made, we simply refer to a matter which everybody understands.

It is true that the *Livonia* was entered against all competitors on this side, and that the selection of a special yacht to run each race was the right of his opponents; but the way in which this was managed gave it the air of a concerted combination against the solitary English yacht. Not even a day's notice was given her of the adversary she was to encounter on the morrow; and when the different sailing qualities of her competitors are considered—and the selection could be made according to the weather—it will be seen how great an advantage was given the combined fleet by this little piece of sea special pleading.

It would have been more judicious, too, as well as more generous, had our yachtsmen humored Mr. Ashbury's exceptions a little more, and given him the additional trials he claimed, especially since the issue has seemed a foregone conclusion, under any and all circumstances. The impression here, from the day of his arrival, ever has been that he had not "the ghost of a chance" of winning the cup, his quest for which seems as romantic as that of Arthur's Knights, for the Holy Grail.

We could, therefore, afford to humor him; and if, on his return, he can persuade his people that anything like sharp practice was played upon him, or even want of liberality displayed, the reaction of feeling will be favorable to him, and unfavorable to us.

Our American yachtsmen cannot afford to sit silent under such imputations as have been cast upon their line of conduct, not only by the defeated champion himself, but also, and more strongly, by some of the leading daily journals of this city.

*Audi alteram partem* is a good maxim. One side has been heard. We should like to hear the other, before the echo from across the Atlantic compels a vindication.

THE MUSIC OF THE PRESENT.

Life consists in action, the musical life of this city is enjoying a period of most remarkable vigor. It would seem as if we still retained somewhat of our old prestige, and are yet the El Dorado where gold is strewn the streets. It is probably true that nowhere is money so little esteemed as in this city—no place where the end desired must be attained at any cost. Think of the crowds who go to the Stadt Theatre, the largest place of amusement in the city, which is nightly packed from its immense pit to the highest gallery. But this is not the remarkable point. The theatre is not filled by those anxious to be seen, to exhibit their toilets, to be fashionable; for it is not only not illuminated, it is not even half lighted, and its dingy walls and frowsy seats and foul air annoy and disgust the visitor. The *mise-en-scène* is awful; such a chorus, such dressing, such shapes!

And one goes, too, at the peril of his life, literally. One can scarcely believe that such devious ways, such sinuous corridors, could be found in any public building in New York! Indeed, some of the exits are through adjoining houses, through shops and lager-bier saloons; the disastrous consequences of a fire at the time of performance are too fearful to contemplate.

Now, why all this congregation, with the lowest expenditure of \$3 and \$4 a ticket for entrance? Does it not evidence the public appreciation of Wachtel, whose exceptional

voice, like the music of Orpheus, is drawing these crowds—enthusiastic, delighted—who forget the want of surroundings, who scarcely observe the flagrant shortcomings in scenery, dresses and general support? The power of the human voice never had a more marked exemplification. Money, comfort, fashion, and even the manifest danger of life, all disregarded. Nothing but Wachtel, except—a really good orchestra.

A mile distant, we find another crowd, illumination, resplendent toilets, fashion, beauty. What a contrast! The Academy of Music is ablaze; gas and diamonds, satins and loveliness. New York is here, the New York we are proud of, and—Nilsson.

THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE, AND ITS FAIR.

WITH some unimportant drawbacks, such as occasionally too great space devoted to valueless matters, some favoritism, some humbug and a little twaddle, after more than twenty-five years of observation, we have come to the unbiased conclusion that the American Institute does a most valuable work in this community. It is easy to note its deficiencies and shortcomings, and pleasant to make a laugh respecting them: it is as easy, but perhaps not so spicy, to recognize the benefits which are yearly and weekly effected through its instrumentality.

We would especially note the literary efforts of the last few years, the series of lectures in the Winter season by the ablest men of America, upon such topics as not only tickle the fancy, but which increase the sum of human knowledge and arouse a desire for more light. Unquestionably the courses of the last two years have been the best in the city, and, perhaps, the country.

Especially to-day we note the manifest improvement in the annual fairs. The bed-quilts and patchwork (with the exact number of stitches in each, and always made by some octogenarian, blind for at least a quarter-century)—these have all disappeared. The ding-dong of a score of competitive pianos and organs has been hushed. Their paid-for puffs and certificates from impecunious teachers and venal judges are quieted, and a great source of injury to the reputation of the fair for honesty has gone with them.

To the thoughtful and practical mind a visit to this exhibition is a lesson in life—how to perform its duties easy, how to find a pleasure in labor, what there is new worth having, how the old is improved, the last notion, the newest material, pattern, instrument, machine. We have never been to a single yearly display but we have been able to find something which simplified the labor which we daily perform—something enabling us to execute our work better, or quicker, or easier. Sometimes it is a flat-iron, or a sewing-machine, or a crimping-tool, a window-blind or shade. We find out what are the best pears or potatoes, photographs or mirrors, meat-choppers or sofa-bedsteads, silica, scouring-powders and soaps, Texas-preserved beef, paints and putty, bluing-bags, vises, electric gas-lights, wire mattresses, wooden-lined ice-pitchers, nickel-plated goods—which last seem destined, in some respects, to revolutionize the world.

Then, we find wonderful machines, which are expected to cheapen the cost of many ordinary articles of life, but which more especially interest us for their ingenious construction and the ease with which they accomplish the desired results, till lately difficult to obtain. Conspicuous among these are the machines for engraving on glass by the force of a sand-blast, various scroll-saws, rock-drills, hide-dressing machines, and innumerable rotary pumps of immense power and curious construction.

Finally, we find all our old friends there. As Wintry flies crawl out into the warmth of the sun, everybody gets to the fair, by sheer force of habit. We take them by the hand as we did many decades ago, and try to imagine that we are as young as we were then. We get off the same old jokes that we did at the first fair given under the auspices of the Institute, and vainly imagine that we are as chipper and pert as ever. Be that as it may, we mean to go to every fair so long as we can see and walk, even if we perchance take Mr. Tilmon for our old deceased friend Judge Meiggs, and Mr. Paton for the erudite Professor Mapes of bygone days.

With its many hundred members, the American Institute has not the public attention which it deserves. There should be five thousand, and a permanent structure to contain its valuable library and collections, with numerous continuous courses of lectures on ordinary topics, and for young minds and uneducated adults, told in simple language. At the same time, the lectures on more abstruse topics and for more advanced interests should be continued. We say this in no spirit of discontent—only, as the Institute has done so much, we desire it to do more. Let our citizens but assist the present excellent managers, and we shall have a Polytechnic Institute of real value,

such as was so pleasantly and, we trust prophetically, shadowed forth by the able orator at the opening, the Hon. E. G. Squier, whose comprehensive and encouraging address produced so marked an effect upon the comparatively few who were able to hear it amid the turmoil of the opening-day. Fortunately, all can read it in the future report to the Legislature.

A LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

A CRIMINAL suffered the last penalty of the law at Hartford, Conn., on October 13th. The name under which he suffered was James Wilson. Whether this was his real name or not, for in his last will and testament he gave himself another, matters little. Neither are we going in any way to discuss the propriety of his being hung. We wish simply to call the attention of the prison-authorities of Connecticut, and whomever of the prison-authorities of the States it may in any way affect, to the tone and drift of this criminal's last bequest.

James Wilson gave his body to the Medical College at New Haven, to be used for the advancement of science, provided that they employ competent counsel to solicit the Legislature of the State to pass certain laws for the better and more Christian government of the prisons of the State. First, he wishes the officers of the State Prison to be restrained from kicking, striking, or otherwise abusing any of the prisoners, except in self-defense, under the penalty of dismissal, trial and conviction to imprisonment for three months in the county jail for such violation of duty. Secondly, that the punishment of the lash and shower-bath should be abolished—that the only punishment allowed to be inflicted should be confinement in a dark cell on bread and water, unless for the attempt to escape, in which case the offender may be compelled to wear a ball and chain. This, however, must be in no case for a longer period than two months for each offense. At the same time, as the dark cells are unfurnished, they must in every case have board-floors, be kept clean and properly warmed. Thirdly, he requires that the directors should visit the State Prison between the 1st and 4th of every month, and make its entire round—that, unaccompanied by any official of the prison, they shall see each prisoner, and give him a chance to speak of the food, treatment or punishment, he has received or experienced—that, in making their annual report, they shall state all infractions of prison-discipline, with the specific punishment for each offense, without mentioning the names of the prisoners. Fourthly, that in this annual report, they shall give a full statement of the income and expenses of the prison—seeing that the pay of the officials shall be sufficient to secure intelligent and competent men as officials, and that no night-watchman even, or other officer, shall receive less than forty dollars per month, with board.

In this brief synopsis of the contents of James Wilson's Last Will and Testament, we have stripped it, or endeavored to do so, of its legally useless verbiage, in order that it might be plain enough to be intelligible to any capacity.

Neither do we honestly see that this criminal can be considered exorbitant in his demands upon the merciful attention and justice of the Connecticut State Legislature.

The criminal is, in most cases, perhaps in all cases, not yet completely brutalized. The legitimate authorities for the protection of Honesty's person or purse are compelled to punish him. This punishment should, however, in most cases, be merely a reformatory, because also a terminable one. Or, at any rate, in common decency, it should make a semblance of being so. Unnecessary cruelty can never be in any way conducive to the moral or mental improvement of the prisoner. The officer of a prison who considers himself at liberty to strike, kick or physically maltreat a prisoner, whether for personal insolence or insubordination, commits an offense for which, beyond the walls of the prison, he himself would be amenable to imprisonment or fine. Has a criminal, then, no rights? If he can be kicked or beaten by those in charge of him for one degree of insubordination, why, for a greater one, should not his skull be smashed in by a crow-bar, or his body be riddled by a bullet? To us, it would seem that the difference is merely one of degree. Again, in outside life, the lash is only used for an animal; it renders even them more brutal. As for the constant use of the shower-bath, as it has once been used in prison-discipline, we all know that it in time destroys the mind.

With regard to the duties of the directors, we should trust that the mere hint given them by one who has already passed beyond the confines of the grave, would be sufficient.

We are, however, obliged to animadvert upon the low pay of the minor officials, and to do so very strongly. Can a man at ninety cents, or something more per day, be expected to have any feelings of benevolence and compassion for those in charge of whom he has been placed? The duties of the lowest prison



official are responsible, and call for an amount of tact, foresight and vigilance which are not generally required from those who receive a similar amount in the outside world. In this, if in nothing else, James Wilson, the hanged felon, has told the Connecticut Legislature something they will do well to listen to. And, whatever his crimes, for which he has paid the uttermost penalty, may have been, we honestly believe a man of his intelligence might—had not his earliest experience of prison life, for he had enjoyed a lengthily repeated one, been purely penal rather than reformatory—have ultimately graduated in a better College than that whose last Degree is the Gallows.

On this side the Atlantic, and especially in the far West, we have become acquainted with that kind of panic which sometimes affect men as well as animals (Bull Run, for example), and is called "stampeding." The horses of the Life Guards of London took to "stampeding" one night during the late sham campaign at Aldershot, with some fatal and many ludicrous results, and now we hear that during the recent sham campaign near St. Petersburg the Empress's Cuirassiers, 900 strong, reached their halting-place; the horses were unsaddled and held by the head, or left alone—so great was the faith in their docility—pending the arrival of the picket-ropes. Suddenly one squadron, frightened by a row in an adjacent camp, broke loose, and in a twinkling the whole 900 followed. They selected "one large, powerful horse as their leader, and with a look and a snort at him which they meant and he understood as *après vous*," dashed off in a solid column. Coming on a river, crossed by a bridge held by a cavalry picket, the leader turned aside, and the whole 900 swam the stream. And here a pretty incident occurred illustrative of discipline and the use of quickness of mind in war. The officer commanding the picket ordered the bugler to sound the *appel*, a call used when the horses are fed. Instantly the *old* horses listened, turned, and trotted up in obedience to the call. The *young* ones were not stopped until they were blown with what, it is asserted, was a run of 100 (!) miles—at the end of which, however, they would all have been dead. The lesson is that horses fresh from the stables and not broken in to hard work need more watchful care at starting on a campaign; while the use that may be made of the bugle-calls is as obvious as it is pleasing.

The tendency to independent individual action in politics is on the increase. Being "read out of a party," because of freedom of thought or action, has lost its terrors. In the present posture of affairs, when nepotism and corruption is the rule in both parties, there is a strong tendency toward the organization of a third party. "But," as observed by a contemporary, "if a third party is impracticable, it is not impracticable for the honest men to make themselves felt. Let them talk out in meeting as Mr. Schurz and Mr. Groesbeck have done. Let them say to the country what they think, regardless of party interests, and parties as well as the nation will listen to them. The reason why our political machinery is so apt to fall into unworthy hands is that the better men of the respective parties keep silent. Fearing lest they should in some degree damage the prospects of the organization which, on the whole, their convictions approve, they wink at small abuses; they conceal rather than publish the shortcomings of their allies; and only when those abuses have swollen to a criminal enormity do they open their eyes to the almost remediless corruption that has grown up under their tacit sanction."

Soon after the acquisition of California, most of our readers will remember, the capital was in the hands of a body of gamblers, swindlers and highway-robbers, who appointed members of their own body to the chief judicial and municipal offices. At last the respectable inhabitants of San Francisco rose against their oppressors, and having seized the ringleaders, they hanged them in the main street of the town after a brief but irregular trial. The survivors were ordered to quit the State on pain of death; and immediately afterward the ordinary administration of the law was resumed. San Francisco has from that time been an orderly and thriving community. Does history repeat itself?

The London *Economist*, recently, estimates that the German Government has received no less than £20,000,000 sterling in gold (£5,000,000 in sovereigns and £15,000,000 in French napoleons), and has locked up a great deal of it, partly to keep cash in hand for the payment of debts due at the end of the year, partly to coin. The German Government lends this coin out again only on what it deems the very highest securities, namely, German bonds and the best German paper. Neither of these securities being plentiful, it has retained a great part of this sum without lending it out at all, and so

produced much the same effect on the Money Market as if the coin had been temporarily destroyed. Again, the German Government has produced much pressure by canceling the provision under which French five-franc pieces were accepted by the German banks at 2 gulden 20 kreutzers each. They are not now accepted at any definite rate. They have become articles of merchandise, and so their power as currency is destroyed.

WE remind our readers that the November shooting-stars should be looked for in the early morning hours of November 13th and 14th. It is not likely that a display of a marked character will be witnessed, but considerable interest attaches to the determination of the relative richness of different portions of the system. It is not unlikely that stragglers, really belonging to the same system, may be seen (and known by their "radiant point") on several days before and after November 13th.

CAPTAIN ERICSSON, in a paper on the temperature of the Sun, in *Nature*, arrives, through an elaborate process, at the conclusion, that "the temperature of that luminary, at the surface of the photosphere, is very nearly 4,036,000 degrees Fahrenheit." 'Ot, certainly!

#### ARREST OF THE HON. WILLIAM M. TWEED.

On Friday afternoon, October 27th, Matthew T. Brennan, Sheriff of the City and County of New York, accompanied by his deputy, Judson Jarvis, called at the Department of Public Works with the warrant for the arrest of William M. Tweed, Commissioner, issued by Judge Learned, of Albany. On landing at the top of the stairs, Mr. Brennan asked of the doorkeeper in a low tone, "Is Mr. Tweed in?" "Who shall I say wants to see him, sir?" "Mr. Brennan," and that officer threw open his coat a little, showing a bright gold badge. "All right, sir; take a seat just a minute," and the usher opened the door and softly retired. In another moment he reappeared, and said: "Mr. Brennan, please walk in." The Sheriff entered, and Mr. Tweed rose to shake hands. After a few words of salutation, both sat down. The Sheriff said, "Mr. Tweed, I have come to perform an unpleasant duty." He passed the warrant into Mr. Tweed's hands. The Commissioner glanced at it, taking in its contents in an instant. "Yes, gentlemen," said Mr. Tweed, addressing the Sheriff and his assistant, "I have been expecting this for some little time. You know that it has been my desire all along to have this matter brought into court, where it can be decided who is right and who is wrong." After this, the friends of Mr. Tweed gathered a little nearer to him, and Mr. Graham and Mr. Bartlett, Mr. Tweed's counsel, stepped up and placed a bundle of papers in his hands. Mr. Tweed spread the papers on the table, saying they were his bonds. At this time there were present in the room, besides the two officers and the prisoner, Mr. Graham and Mr. Bartlett, Mr. Vanderpoel, Jay Gould, Hugh Hastings, Terence Farley, Benjamin P. Fairchild, Bernard Kelley and the two sons of Mr. Tweed. The lawyers set to work immediately to fill up the bail bonds, but owing to a legal question which arose, some delay was caused. Law books were sent for, and for some time they were coned by the legal men. Jay Gould readily assumed half the responsibility, qualifying in \$1,000,000—\$400,000 in real estate and 600,000 in personal property. As the bondsmen have to qualify in double the sum required in the summons, another million had to be made up. Benjamin P. Fairchild qualified in \$360,000, real estate; Terence Farley put in his bond for another \$300,000; Bernard Kelley added \$300,000 more, and Hugh J. Hastings filled up the remaining \$100,000. The Sheriff was in Mr. Tweed's office about an hour and a half. At the end of that time, Mr. Jarvis having completed the papers, the two officers withdrew, leaving Mr. Tweed in consultation with his counsel.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### Departure of Spanish Soldiers for Cuba.

Although the Captain-General of Cuba has several times announced that the insurrection in that island has been suppressed, and that order reigns supreme, it would seem that the Home Government either has not heard of the Governor's proclamations, or that it pays very little attention to them. In the latter part of last September an order was issued in Madrid for the departure of ten thousand additional troops, and one of the features of the execution of that order is represented in our engraving. The scene depicted is that of a battalion of these soldiers on the eve of their departure. The place is the railway station of Mediodia, in Madrid; their immediate destination is Cadiz, from which port they are to embark for Cuba.

##### An Up-Country Magistrate in India Administering Justice.

This engraving represents a scene in the street of a town in the northwest provinces, such as Allahabad or Mirzapoor. Fine richly-carved stone-faced houses of wealthy natives stand beside poor mud-houses, and a mosque with tall minarets is seen in the background. The magistrate rides out in the early morning to visit the scene of a disputed boundary, accompanied by a mounted policeman (sowar), who wears a red or green uniform and a dice-box shaped hat. During his ride through the town, a thief is brought before him who has just been caught in the act. His hands have been tied; he declares his innocence, imploring for mercy. He is held between two policemen (barkundazes) armed with sword and shield. The native head-police officer (kotwa) stands relating the case, partly and importantly. His secretary (moochurri)

stands next to him with the report written, with his reed pen in his hand, and his writing-box held by a servant of the office, ready to write on a corner of the report the magistrate's orders. In the foreground, leaning against a projecting part of the basement of a house, is a banker, merchant, or money-changer, on his way to his religious ablutions in the sacred Ganges. On his head is a muslin skull-cap in place of the orange or pink turban he wears in full dress. Behind him an old Government pensioner is having the matter explained to him by a Mussulman.

##### Reconstruction of the Railroad Bridge at Chaton, near Paris.

Chaton is a small village of France, in the Department of "Seine et Oise." At this point the Paris and St. Germain Railway crosses the Seine, at the distance of three miles east of St. Germain. The railroad bridge at Chaton suffered almost total demolition during the late war. The engraving represents the work of reconstruction, which is being actively prosecuted.

##### A Sketch in a Breton Village—The Return from Germany.

Can we not fancy we hear that lean soldier (who looks as if German sausages had been a rarity with him) retelling his adventures to the gaping crowd of untraveled peasants; the women in their quaint caps, and the men with their flowing hair, flapped hats, and tremendous shoes? We don't suppose that he enters very deeply into politics, for Bretons, though they fought gallantly both in the army and navy, have little sympathy with the rest of France. We doubt if he discusses the strategy of the generals, unless perchance to say a word about his countrymen Kératy and Trochu. The charm of his narrative lies in its egotism. He tells what he did and suffered, of his hunger and thirst and weariness, of the big Uhlan who nearly spitted him like a chicken, and whom he valiantly slew; of the wound he afterward received, of the kindness of the German nurses, of the enmity of his captivity, and of his delight, when, after weeks of foreign gibberish, of German and French, he once more heard the vernacular tongue of the land of *bocages* and *doitmens*.

##### The Mont Cénis Tunnel—Banquet in Turin.

We this week give a view of the grand banquet offered by the municipality of the city of Turin to the guests invited to be present at the formal opening of the tunnel. This banquet, which was of a most *recherché* description, took place on September 18th, in the grand hall of the new Carignano Palace, an immense structure, more remarkable, however, for its extent than for the architectural merits it displays. The Syndic of Turin presided, and there were present, as we have before stated, the French and Italian Foreign Ministers and numerous other eminent personages; but, curiously enough, no official representative of Great Britain put in an appearance. Why England was so conspicuous by her official absence we do not know; and perhaps the circumstance is not of much consequence, but it is both worthy of note and has been specially noted. The hall was magnificently decorated, the viands provided were superb, the speeches delivered breathed the most cordial sentiments of friendship, and "all went merry as a marriage bell."

##### View of Mont Fréjus from Modane.

In continuation of the series of illustrations representing the various points of interest connected with the great Alpine tunnel, we present a view of Mont Fréjus taken from the Savoy side of the tunnel, near Modane. It is through the centre of this mountain that the tunnel passes.

##### Mont Cénis Tunnel—View of the Valley of Bardonnèche.

As a companion to our other illustrations of the great Alpine tunnel and its surroundings, we present a view of the Valley of Bardonnèche, so called from the town of that time situated at the extremity of the tunnel on the Italian side.

#### SCIENTIFIC.

THE Lake Superior district, in 1870, produced 856,740 tons of iron ore. Since 1856 this district has yielded 8,768,695 tons of iron ore, and the furnaces have given 239,160 tons of pig iron.

We have for some time past been dependent upon Bolivia for our supply of the metal bismuth; and, owing to the limited supply, the price of this metal has been very high. It is now found in large quantities in Australia.

THE exports of petroleum in 1870 were thirty-seven per cent. greater than those of the previous year, and nearly all this increase of thirty-seven per cent. is accounted for by the shipments from the port of New-York. The total export from the United States in 1870 was 141,298,155 gallons against 1,000,000 gallons in 1860, and 99,281,000 gallons in 1868; showing an increase of nearly 42,000,000 in two years. The first sale noticed for export was in May, 1861, when 10,000 gallons were sent to foreign markets. Antwerp, which has since held all other ports in the importation of petroleum, took in that year 5,671 gallons, increasing the amount in the following year more than 800,000 gallons. Great Britain took 579,000 gallons in 1861, and in 1862 increased her importation to 3,238,000 gallons. The continued growth of this trade for ten years—from 1,500,000 gallons in 1860 to 141,000,000 in 1870—is a wonderful exhibit, not only on account of the rapid development of the oil interest, but also because the yearly increase has been steady. The daily average product of the Pennsylvania oil district in December, 1867, was 10,400 gallons; in the same month of 1870 it was 15,214 gallons—a fact which shows the inexhaustibility of the wells in that region. In regard to the home consumption, it is estimated that it is equal to one-half the quantity exported—making in round numbers an aggregate consumption of 211,000,000 gallons annually. This enormous amount, reckoning the price at an average of twenty cents per gallon, represents a value of more than \$42,000,000 for a single year—certainly a remarkable return for a product unknown to commerce ten years ago.

A REPORT has been sent in by the Governor of the province of Leon in Ecuador as to the condition of the volcanic region of Cotopaxi, in his province. He states that the principal mountains which stand forth in the great circle formed by the two branches of the Andes are Cotopaxi, Quilindana, Puchalagua and the Calpon. Of these Cotopaxi alone is known as a volcano, which, after many years of inaction, became active in June, 1851. These eruptions continued and became gradually weaker until 1867, when they ceased. In 1868 subterranean noises were again heard, and a slender column of smoke

appeared. In May, 1868, there were some earthquakes, which ruined Palata and Pellico. In July, 1869, noises were again heard, and an awful flood took place, but without earthquakes and subterranean noises. Abundant fountains of water burst forth, hundreds of immense rocks were rent and thrown down, and the rivers were flooded. The Governor, who was at that time in the Cordillera, considers that the land slides were not owing to the action of the water, but rather to a pressure upward from below, as if from accumulated gases seeking an exit. The most curious effect reported by him is a variation in the climate. Many plants, such as the *sura*, flowered, which had not done so before. After this premature ripening the *surales* all closed up again and have not revived. After this event it was noticed the sugar-cane could be cut in twenty-four months instead of thirty. At present Cotopaxi is inactive, but its condition is looked upon with dread.

#### PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

At the recent Georgia baby-show the judges were three old bachelors.

AMONG the most trusty lighthouse-keepers on the Atlantic coast are seven women.

HON. W. W. CORCORAN, of Washington, is threatened with blindness.

It is reported that Jefferson Davis intends to make Baltimore his permanent home.

A FIVE-YEAR-OLD girl in Cambridge sent her three dolls to Chicago.

A Cleveland paper does not believe that there is one healthy man in that city.

In a libel suit against a newspaper at Little Rock, Ark., for \$30,000, the plaintiff obtained \$1 in damages.

SINCE the introduction of the gallows in Japan, hanging has become the most popular amusement there.

THE Empress Augusta, Prince Frederick William and the Princess Victoria have, together, contributed \$1,050 to the relief of Chicago.

PALEPA lost \$50,000 which she had put into a second mortgage on the South Side burnt district of Chicago.

It is reported that Madame Taglioni, the once world-renowned danseuse, is about to return to London and give dancing lessons there.

GEORGE WASHINGTON fought Henry Clay last week in Chicago, and stabbed him with his little pocket-knife. Colored.

A WESTERN exchange brags on a boy who has smoked since he was a yearling. That's nothing to the farmer that milked from his birth.

MR. P. T. BARNUM will display his moral menagerie at the rink after the termination of the American Institute Fair.

AFTER great mental effort a German wrote a "receipt in full" as follows: "I ish full. I wants no more money. John Swackhammer."

EDWARD LABOULAYE, author of "Paris en Amerique," and other works well known in this country, is chairman of a Chicago relief association organized in France.

BARON ITAJUBA, Brazilian Ambassador at Paris, has received official notification of his appointment by the Emperor of Brazil as arbitrator under the treaty of Washington.

WILTON, Saratoga County, N. Y., is devastated by a squash-vine, measuring three hundred feet long, and still growing. The terrified population are preparing to move out of the way of this vegetable tidal wave.

IN Harvey's native town, Folkestone, preparations are making to erect a monument to the great physiologist on the three hundredth anniversary of his discovery of the circulation of the blood, namely in 1878.

EIGHTEEN copies of the edition of the first Bible ever printed are still in existence. They were printed in Metz between the years 1440 and 1445. Mr. James Lennox, of New York, owns one of the copies, having purchased it at a cost of \$3,200.

It may diminish the zest of expectant Washington belles to learn that the "coming" Grand Duke Alexis is engaged to the young Prussian Princess Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Prince Frederick Charles, nephew of the Emperor of Germany.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SHERIDAN, on being officially informed of the state of affairs in Northern Wisconsin, by Governor Fairchild, at once issued orders for the dispatch of 4,000 army blankets, 2,000 overcoats and 100 wagons, for their relief.

AN anti-vaccination orator in Glasgow thinks it "not at all impossible that the Queen's ailment" (of the nature of which he confessed his ignorance) "was the consequence of re-vaccination," to which operation her Majesty is said to have recently submitted herself.

A LADY of Onondaga, N. Y., recently dreaming that her father was dangerously sick and had sent for her, arose in her slumbers, dressed and walked fifteen miles to take the cars, before awaking, a feat that would have been almost physically impossible in a wide-awake state.

THE census discloses the fact, there are fourteen States of the Union *without* any Chinese among their populations. Well, what the others lack in quality the Golden State supplies in quantity; in fact, California is so overrun with this sort of cattle, that it's a wonder she hasn't lost her "census."

THE students of Amherst College object to the admission of women, for the reason that the presence of women students would lead to an increase of burdensome laws and regulations; that the fair ones would entice men from study, and that their matriculation would lower the standard of the college course.

AS MR. TENNYSON was strolling in silence, with his wife and family, through the Royal Academy at London, recently, one who had worshiped genius afar off followed at a reverential distance, eager to catch the first inspired words that fell from his lips. Finally the poet spoke and said to his wife: "Take care of the children while I go and have a glass of beer." In what a collapsed state that hero worshiper's sensitive soul must have been after that!

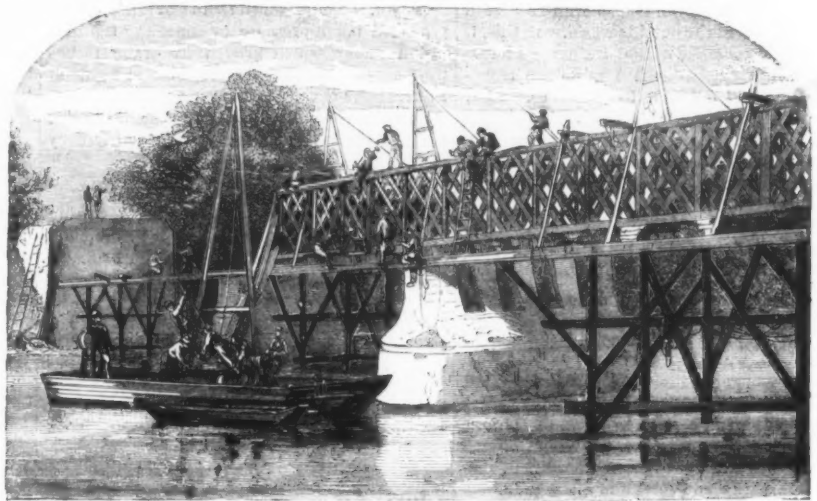
THE numerous friends of Mr. George W. Childs, of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, will be glad to learn that he recently returned by the *Scotia*, and that the health of his wife is much improved by the journey they have made. In England he has met with a very warm reception, and found a hearty return of those hospitalities which he so generously extends to all foreigners traveling in this country. Mr. Childs was the guest of Mr. John Walter, proprietor of the London *Times*—two men who resemble each other in industry, enterprise, and a conscientious performance of every duty of life. Mr. Childs also spent a week at Stowe, with the Duke and Duchess of Buckingham. We sincerely hope that, however pleasant his foreign visits may be, it will be long before Mr. Childs is obliged to make another trip through the ill-health of any member of his family.



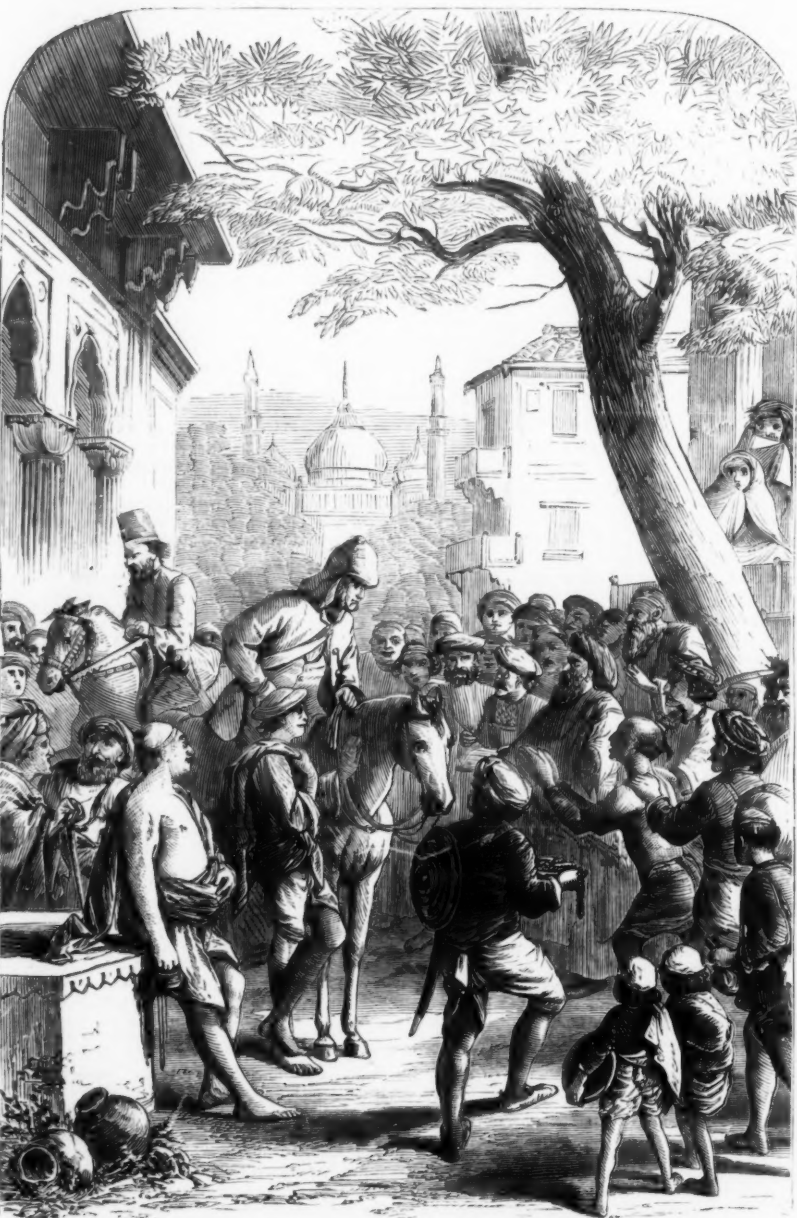
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.



SPAIN.—DEPARTURE OF SPANISH TROOPS FOR CUBA.



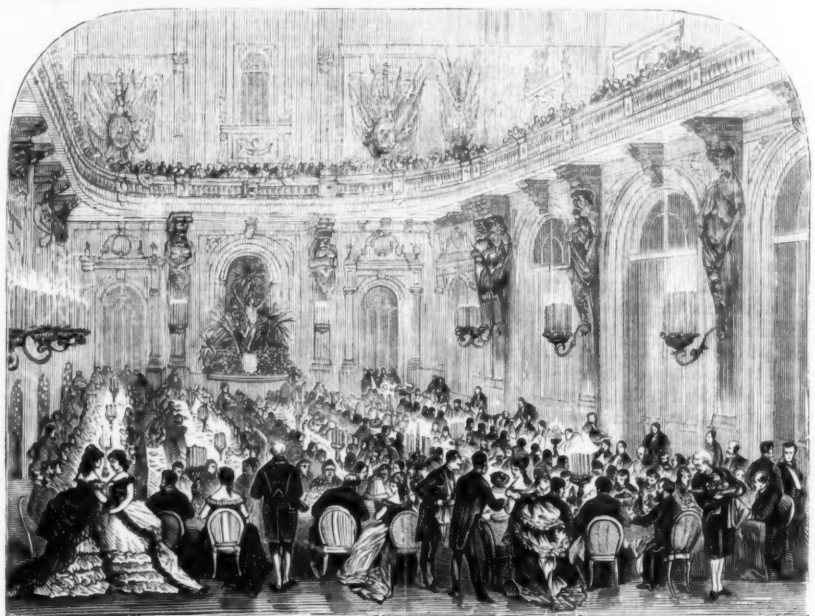
FRANCE.—RECONSTRUCTION OF THE RAILWAY BRIDGE AT CHATON.



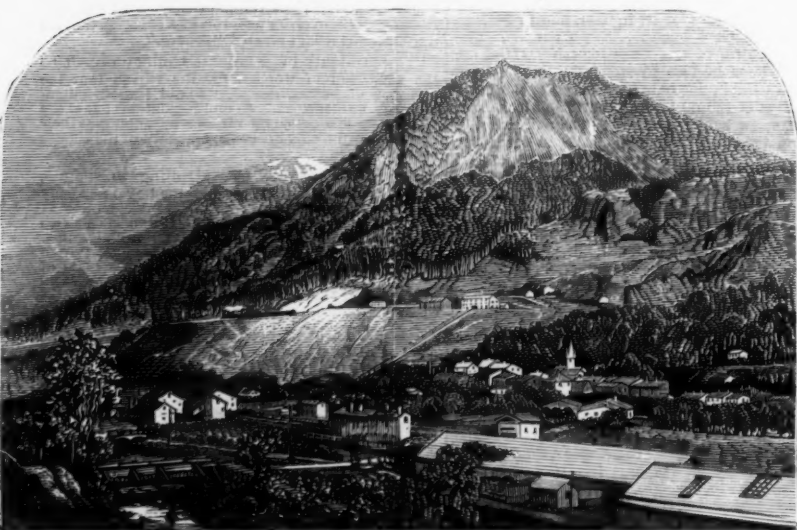
INDIA.—AN UP-COUNTRY MAGISTRATE ADMINISTERING JUSTICE.



FRANCE.—THE RETURNED PRISONERS FROM GERMANY—A BRETON SKETCH.



ITALY.—MONT CÉNIS TUNNEL—BANQUET AT TURIN.

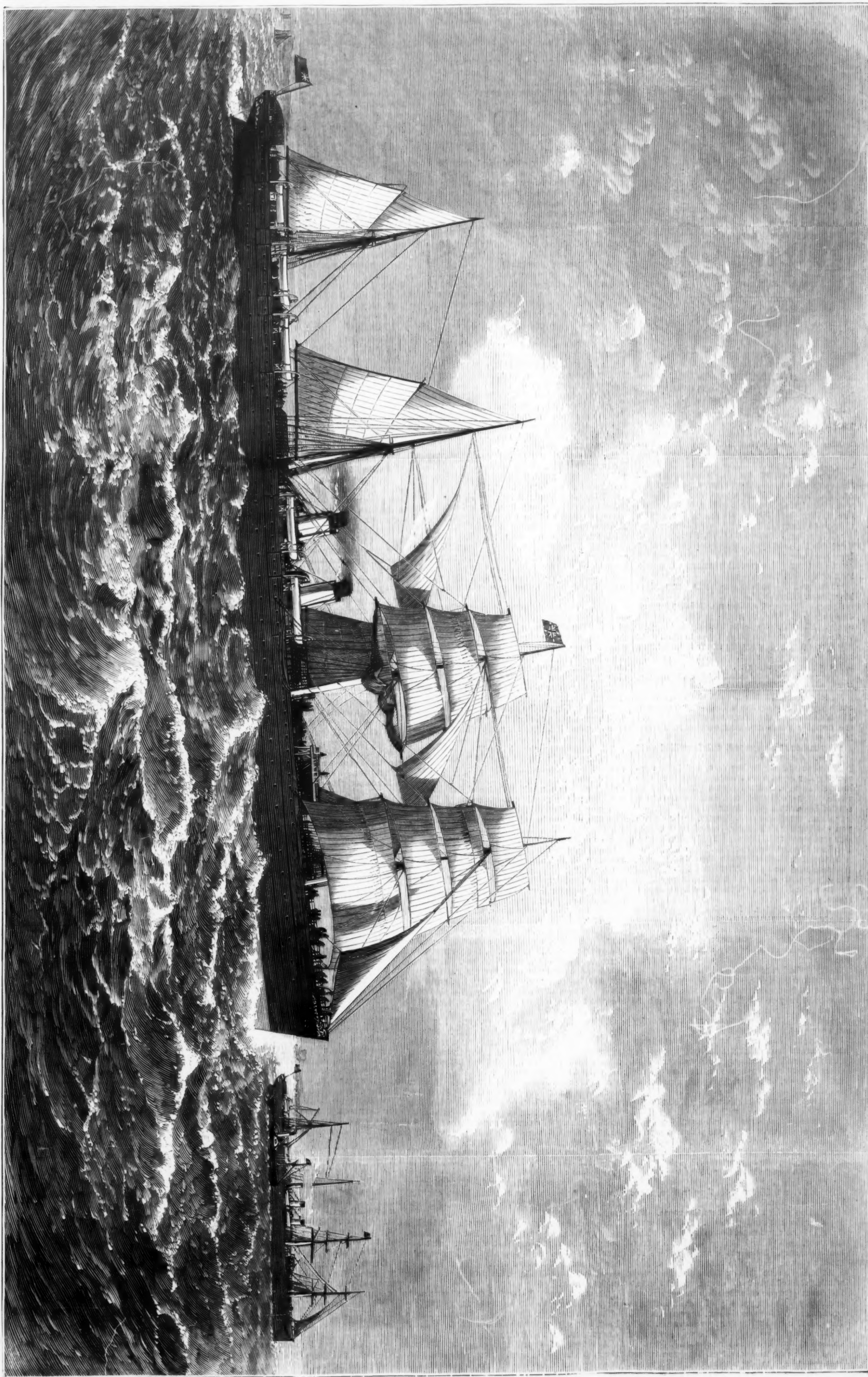


ITALY.—MONT CÉNIS TUNNEL—VIEW OF MONT FREJUS FROM MODANE.



ITALY.—MONT CÉNIS TUNNEL—VIEW OF THE VALLEY OF BARDONNECHE.





THE NEW ATLANTIC STEAMSHIP "EGYPT," OF THE NATIONAL LINE.—SEE PAGE 136.



## DREAMING.

I DREAM white hands are pressing  
Their touches on my hair;  
In soft and deft caressing  
They meet and linger there.

I dream of eyes as sunny  
As pansies are in May,  
And rose-red lips, where honey  
In kisses melts away—

Of yellow hair, whose tresses  
Blow all about my face,  
O sweet and shy caresses,  
O eyes so full of grace—

O lips like sweet June roses,  
You have my heart in thrall:  
I dream of you, and love you  
And count you all in all.

If dreaming be so pleasant,  
What must it be to wake,  
With love to make the present  
Sweet for the future's sake?

O lips like roses blowing,  
And eyes like pansies blue,  
Your spell in dreams bestowing,  
I wake, and wait for you!

## THE WHITE SPECTRE;

OR,

## THE MYSTERIES OF INGESTRE PLACE.

BY RETT WINWOOD.

## CHAPTER VI.—FACE TO FACE.

WHEN Madeline came to a realizing sense of external things, old Betty was bending over her, shaking her vigorously.

"Hush," whispered the old woman, warningly, when Madeline would have spoken. "Get up quickly. But don't make a loud noise."

The girl stared at her with wondering eyes. Her gaze went round the room (which was not Alicia's, but another, whither she had been removed during her trance-like state), then circled back to Betty's hard-featured face, where they rested inquiringly.

"Where am I?" she asked, at a loss.

"Hush! Don't you remember you are at Ingestre Place?"

The bewildered expression vanished, and a look of concern took its place.

"Yes, yes. I came to see my father against his wishes. He is ill."

She raised herself, sitting up. A lamp burned dimly upon a stand near the bedside. By its uncertain light, Betty looked strangely haggard and stern. There was nobody else in the room.

"Have I been sleeping?" was Madeline's half-involuntary question.

Betty leaned over her.

"Worse than that," she whispered, grimly. "You have been drugged!"

Madeline caught her breath sharply. It all came back to her like a flash—the scene in Alicia's chamber, the bitter tea she had drunk, the horrible words she had overheard spoken in the passage.

"My father?" she gasped. "Is he still alive?"

"Yes. Get up."

Madeline sprang to her feet, and began arranging her dress with trembling fingers. Her head still swam, and she reeled giddily once or twice. Betty observed this, and fetched some sort of liquor in a glass from the cupboard.

"Drink this," she said, shortly. "What are you waiting for? It isn't poisoned or drugged, like madame's tea. Drink! You'll need a clear head for the next hour or two."

A feverish earnestness in the old woman's manner impressed Madeline forcibly. She drank the liquor without a word of remonstrance.

"Now," said Betty, "I hope you are yourself again."

"I do feel better. How long have I been sleeping?"

"About twenty-four hours."

Madeline gave a start of astonishment. "Good heavens!" she cried. "Why was I not aroused sooner?"

Betty smiled sarcastically.

"Madame took care of that. She meant your rest should be sound. The drug she used must have been very powerful. You have lain here like a log all through the day."

"How did you know it was my stepmother who drugged me?"

"Humph. Just as I know a great many other things that transpire in this house—by watching and listening. Madame and Miss Alicia have been hovering around up to the last half hour, or I should have tried to arouse you sooner."

Madeline clasped her hands. "What is the meaning of this treachery?"

"It means that madame hates and fears you. She does not wish a meeting to take place between your father and yourself. She hoped he would die while you were under the influence of the narcotic she administered."

"But you say he is not dead?"

"He is dying."

"Good God! There is no time to lose, then. I must go to him."

Madeline passed swiftly from the room. The passage was but dimly lighted. She knew the direction she must take, however. She reached the door, and paused before it with a wildly-beating heart. Moments elapsed before she could summon courage to turn the knob.

At last she took two or three noiseless steps within the chamber of death. She had an indistinct glimpse of a bed in one corner, and somebody lying upon it; of several figures grouped about the room—Mrs. Ingestre, Alicia, Major Le Noir, and three or four servants. Then a blur came to her vision. She was compelled to lean against the wall for support.

At the same moment, Mrs. Ingestre turned and saw her. An expression of bewilderment

and baffled fury appeared in the elder woman's face. For once, she was surprised into dropping her habitual mask. She strode across the room, her hand raised menacingly.

"You here!" she hissed, between close-set teeth.

Madeline sprang past her to the middle of the room. She saw clearly enough, now. Her fascinated gaze fixed itself upon the pallid, sunken face half hidden among the pillows of the bed, and never once wavered from it.

"My father!" she murmured.

The death-blanching face was raised a little. The filmy eyes took in her motionless figure at last.

"Maud, Maud!"

A shrill, sharp cry of mingled surprise and terror. The dying man threw up his arms wildly. Madeline went straight to the bed.

"Maud is in heaven!" she said, in an awed whisper. "I am your daughter Madeline."

There was a short silence, and the sufferer seemed to be gasping for breath. At last he looked up with a strange, wan smile.

"I might have known," he said, feebly. "Maud has been dead very many years. But you are strangely like her."

Madeline leaned over him. She heard Mrs. Ingestre's panting breath close behind her. She saw Alicia's basilisk eyes glowering at her from across the couch. But she felt ready to defy them both at that moment.

"Father!" she cried, "speak to me! Say that you love me!"

The sufferer's breath came shorter and shorter. But he smiled upon her again.

"Is it you, Madeline?" he asked, faintly. "I have wished so much to see you. Thank God you are here at last."

Mrs. Ingestre heard these words, and clutched the girl savagely by the arm.

"Come away," she said, in a low, fierce whisper. "You have neglected your father all your life. Why should you wish to make a scene about his deathbed?"

Madeline neither heard nor answered her. She saw that the dying man's face was fast settling into a rigid stillness, and called out sharply, as she had called before:

"Father, say that you love me!"

He understood the words, for a breath-long space life flashed into his rigid features. He lifted one of his shriveled hands, making a futile attempt to lay it on her head.

"God bless you, darling! They told me you were angry with me, and would not come. But you have come—you have come!"

"Papa," she whispered, "nobody sent for me. I did not know you were ill until yesterday."

He was too nearly gone to comprehend the treachery of which he had been made the victim. Words rose to his lips, and he fought desperately for strength, that he might give them utterance.

"Madeline!" he gasped, "stay here when I am gone; it is your home. They tried to make me sign another will, but I would not. I had made one in your favor. This house was your mother's—it must be yours."

"Oh, papa, papa!"

Savage hands pulled at the girl's dress. She heard again Mrs. Ingestre's voice hissing some words in her ear.

"Girl, leave the room! Go!"

She struggled to free herself. Mrs. Ingestre writhed between her and the bed. She spoke to her husband.

"Wales," she cried, "that girl has lied to you. Have you nothing to say to me?"

He moaned, but would not speak. His glazing eyes turned from her to fasten themselves upon Madeline's face.

"My child!" he murmured, imploringly.

She fought her way back to the bedside once more. "Here I am, papa. I will never leave you again."

Life ebbed, and the light faded from his deathly countenance. With the last flicker of strength he gasped these words:

"My will—in your favor. I hid it—afraid of Le Noir. You will find—find—"

His voice died away in an inarticulate murmur. He made a convulsive attempt to finish the sentence. All in vain. An agonized look came into his eyes, pitiful to see. Madeline could not bear their dumb entreaty. She put out her hand, thinking to clasp his, and thus let him know of how little moment she considered the revelation he would have made of the hiding-place of the will.

His face brightened somewhat. His cold fingers shrunk away from her clasp. Speech had failed him, but he still had left a means of expression. Making a last desperate effort, with the thumb of his right hand he traced in her palm a triangular figure.

A faint smile flickered over his lips. For two or three seconds Madeline could trace the figure he had drawn easily enough from the white line his uncut nail had left upon the delicate flesh of her palm. She comprehended, too, that he had intended this figure to help her in finding the spot where he had secreted the will.

"Yes, yes," she whispered, assuringly. "I shall find the will, and your wishes shall be carried out to the letter."

He slightly pressed her hand. Then his arms dropped listlessly; he drew a long, choking breath; closed his eyes, and so his spirit went home to God.

When all was over Madeline started back a step or two, sobbing aloud. Her whole heart hungered for a sympathetic word. But she met with black and revengeful glances from her stepmother and Alicia. Major Le Noir stood at a little distance, his usually sunny face impenetrable.

Then a silence fell—such a deep silence as is never known save where the dead are lying.

A cry from Mrs. Ingestre broke it at last, a long, low cry of unutterable horror. "See!" she gasped. "The White Spectre!"

A shiver of dread and consternation ran through the little group. Every eye turned in the direction she pointed. A tall, phantom-like

figure advanced from the far end of the apartment as if it had suddenly risen from the floor. It came nearer and nearer, looking weird and shadowy in the pale lamplight. It seemed to pause a solitary instant beside the stand where stood the bottles of medicine and the glasses; its face, which was covered with something white and impalpable as hoar-frost, turned toward the bed where lay the corpse.

There it retreated, vanishing as suddenly and mysteriously as it had appeared. Everybody drew a long breath of relief. Major Le Noir sprang forward, running his hand along the wall where he had seen it last. Then he opened the door leading into the passage, bending his head to listen. He saw nothing, heard nothing.

"Strange," he muttered, coming back into the room again. "This is not the first time I've seen that ghostly figure. What does it mean? Who should undertake to play a trick upon us at such a time?"

Nobody answered him. Mrs. Ingestre was trembling from head to foot. "Don't attempt to solve the mystery," she said at last, in an awed tone. "The house is haunted. The figure we saw was not of flesh and blood."

"Bah," said the major, shrugging his shoulders. "I thought you were too sensible to believe in hobgoblins. There is trickery here, and mark my words, I will get to the bottom of it first or last."

Nothing more was said. The servants left the room one after the other, each and all thoroughly convinced that a ghost had appeared to them in the chamber of death. The subject of the apparition was subsequently discussed in awed whispers around the kitchen fire, and numberless theories advanced to account for its appearance there and then.

At the end of ten minutes, Mrs. Ingestre made a discovery while walking the floor with a lace handkerchief covering a portion of her face.

"That glass is gone!" she exclaimed, suddenly.

"What glass?" asked Major Le Noir, who was standing near by.

She hesitated a little in her reply. "The glass from which he drank the last portion of the poisoned tamarind-water," she answered, in a tone too low for the words to reach the ears of a third person.

The major looked disturbed. "What has become of it?"

"It must have been taken away by one of the servants, or—"

"By the White Spectre?"

"Exactly."

"Humph. I don't like the look of this. Has anything else upon the stand been disturbed?"

"Nothing else."

He knitted his brow, thoughtfully. "That glass must be found," he said, presently. "It tells a most horrible story. I'm afraid it has been taken possession of by somebody who means mischief."

Mrs. Ingestre shuddered.

"Madeline may have it."

"That is impossible. She has gone away nearly overcome with grief. She would not think of the glass at such a time. Besides, I am sure she has no suspicion of foul play."

"Who has taken it, then?"

"I don't know, of course. But I will find out. Such a convicting witness against you and me must not be suffered to lie about. It is dangerous."

He was right—it was dangerous.

## CHAPTER VII.—THE MAJOR RECEIVES A VISITOR.

It was very late the next morning when Mrs. Ingestre emerged from her dressing-room. There was less color than usual in her smooth cheeks, and the lustre of her clear blue eyes was dimmed a little.

She dawdled over her breakfast as if the very sight of food was nauseating. When anybody was by to take notice of her grief she played the inconsolable to perfection, shedding a perfect deluge of tears between nibbles of toast and sips of chocolate.

Breakfast over, and Alicia not having made her appearance as yet, she passed into the morning-room, where she was sure of finding Major Le Noir lounging over the latest number of the *Times*. He looked up at her entrance, bright, handsome, nonchalant as ever.

"I ought to condole with you, I suppose, considering your recent affliction," he said, pushing her a chair.

She shrugged her shoulders. "I have worn a mask long enough, Gustave. Let me drop it in your presence, at least."

"Very well, my dear madame. I have not the slightest objection."

"You have looked for the missing glass, of course?" she said, sitting down.

"Yes. But without success. I have questioned the servants, but nobody can, or at least will, tell me anything about it."

"I hope no trouble will come of its disappearance."

Major Le Noir tossed aside his paper somewhat impatiently.

"I see but one way out of this dilemma," said he. "Of course we shall continue our efforts to recover the glass, since it might fall into the hands of those who would make a questionable use of it—if such has not been its fate already. Should we not succeed in finding it, you must be sure to deny all knowledge of it when it does come to light."

"Of course."

There was a long silence after that, and while it lasted the two arch-conspirators sat abstracted and thoughtful. Major Le Noir broke it abruptly.

"It is not the discovery of the glass that chiefly interests me now, but the discovery of the will that was drawn up by Lawyer Green," said he.

Mrs. Ingestre's face changed somewhat.

"You think the will is hidden in this house?" she questioned, in a faltering voice.

"From what my lamented client said to Madeline, I am sure it must be."

"It is made out in her favor, I heard him say that."

"Yes."

"You would not dare destroy it, should you succeed in finding it?"

"I would," the major answered, with supreme coolness.

Mrs. Ingestre was silent for some few minutes, looking thoughtfully from the window.

"What do you propose to do?" she asked, presently.

"In regard to the will?"

"Yes."

"I shall search for it. Nobody knows its hiding-place, and I am as likely to discover it as is anybody else—more likely, in fact, for I can tell better where to look."

"Well?"

"Having found it, I shall straightway consign it to the grate. The will leaving the bulk of the property to you can then be produced."

"You forget," said Mrs. Ingestre, "the assurance my late husband gave Madeline on his deathbed—that she was his heiress?"

"I forget nothing."

"She will suspect you of fraud, and declare her suspicions to others."

"I think not," and Major Le Noir complacently stroked his mustache. "Every man is liable to make mistakes—to use words without duly weighing their meaning. Wales Ingestre had lost his reasoning faculties when he came to lie on his deathbed, and was not really conscious what he himself said. It quite frequently happens with men stricken down as he was."

Mrs. Ingestre looked up suddenly. "Ah!" she said, a dim comprehension of his purpose dawning upon her mind.

"Miss Madeline must be duly impressed with the fact that her father's dying words were but the ravings of an insane man," the major resumed, coolly. "Lawyer Green drew up a will—of course he did. We shall not attempt to deny it. That was some two weeks since. Mr. Ingestre had plenty of time in which to think the matter over afterward, and, as many sensible persons have done before him, changed his mind. He destroyed the first will, and had a second drawn up by your humble servant, which was duly signed and witnessed. Do you take, my dear madame?"

"Yes," she answered, slowly.

"You see the benefit of having a diplomatic turn of mind, eh?" and he gave a pleasant little nod. "If this cranium of mine were nothing but an empty shell, you might whistle for all the reward you would get for eighteen years of undagging devotion to the lamented Wales Ingestre."

"Don't speak of it, Gustave," she said, with a little shiver of disgust.

"Just as you please, my dear Lydia," he returned, a genial smile breaking over his rosy face. "I am one of the most obliging men living."

Mrs. Ingestre sat nervously clasping and unclasping her milk-white hands. "There is a mystery in this affair that's beyond my comprehension," said she, finally. "Why did my husband have a will executed secretly—and why did he hide it so securely? It looks as if he distrusted me and everybody in this house."

"Hum! Yes."

He was a perfect slave to my beck and call until of late. What brought about the change? How much did he discover of the part I was playing—how much suspect?"

"It is too late to ask that question. You and I can only see to it that no evil consequences result from his distrust."

At this juncture, one of the servants looked into the room. "A gentleman to see Major Le Noir," he said.

The major glanced at Mrs. Ingestre. She rose to go. Observing this movement on her part, he said to the servant:

"Show the gentleman in, Jack."

While waiting for his visitor to put in an appearance, he took two or three hasty turns backward and forward between the door and window. He suspected it might be a messenger from Lawyer Green, and took the means of rallying his forces for the approaching interview, it being the surest and speediest at his command.

Back and forth, back and forth. He had just wheeled away from the window for the third time, when the door opened noiselessly and a gentleman stepped into the room—a stranger.

Major Le Noir had glanced from the window in passing it, suffering his gaze to sweep up and down the wide landscape where the sunshine lay bright and yellow as gold. His eyes were dazzled and nearly blinded when he again turned their glances within the room, so that he saw objects very indistinctly for the first moment or two. But he could distinguish his visitor's form plainly enough to feel assured he did not belong to Lawyer Green's office.

"Have I the pleasure of addressing Major Le Noir?" the visitor inquired, in a voice of singular richness and sweetness.

"That is my name," and the affable major advanced a few steps.

"My question was superfluous, perhaps," resumed the gentleman, "as I was perfectly aware of your identity before I asked it."

Le Noir gave a slight start. The light was not good, and as yet he saw in his visitor only a strange gentleman of rather imposing appearance, with flowing hair and beard of silvery whiteness. Was he confronting some old acquaintance?

He looked more closely at him, and finally put the abrupt question that was in his mind. "Who are you, sir?"

"Walter Marston."

"Indeed!" Major Le Noir was on his guard at once. "I have heard of you."

"Through whom?"

"Miss Madeline Ingestre."

"I thought as much."

"Ah! Be seated, will you, and oblige me by mentioning the object of your visit?"



"Certainly, sir."

Mr. Walter Marston chose a seat removed a few paces from the window, where the light was not direct, and yet much clearer than at the door. While he was establishing himself the major was pondering over this gentleman's marvelous voice, and wondering where he had heard another like it, for it had a familiar sound.

He sat down exactly opposite, prepared to learn more of his unexpected visitor if such an end could be compassed by careful study and persistent scrutiny. "Now, sir," he began, "I am ready."

The sentence died on his lips and was never finished. He had a clearer view of Mr. Walter Marston's face at that moment than he had been able to obtain previously. He stared at him as if stupefied, and finally recoiled a little, his lips apart, his hands clutching one another convulsively.

Major Le Noir was not the sort of person to let surprise or dread get the better of him for many consecutive minutes. In the present instance he soon rallied, though his lips were white and unsteady. The close scrutiny of his visitor's face had shown him a countenance that had a singularly familiar look, and from which he shrank in fear and trembling without knowing why. A nameless feeling of foreboding took possession of him and would not be shaken off.

"Excuse me for asking, sir," he said, with an effort at indifference, "if you and I meet this morning for the first time?"

Before replying, Mr. Marston drew a little further away from the strong light of the window.

"We were never friends," he then answered, with peculiar emphasis. "But I have long known of Major Le Noir, and have followed his movements more or less closely for years."

"How can that be?" asked the major, unguardedly. "Do you not reside in this vicinity?"

"Yes,"

"So I supposed. Your whole life has been passed here, no doubt. Such is not the case with myself. I have been here less than six months."

Mr. Marston smiled, oddly enough. That smile nettled Major Le Noir, somehow.

"Excuse me for appearing to contradict you," he resumed, hastily. "I merely wished to set you right, and to assure you that you could not have known what my movements have been for any length of time."

"Nevertheless, I repeat my first statement," was the composed reply. "The present is not the first occasion of your being domiciled at Ingestre Place."

"No. I was here several years ago."

"During the lifetime of the former Mrs. Ingestre."

The major bit his lip, angrily. The pink and white color faded from his cheeks.

"I was here at the time of which you speak," he replied, sharply.

"Since then," resumed his imperturbable visitor, "you have been abroad—in your native country—England, for instance."

"Yes."

"I did not lose sight of you while you were abroad."

Angry flashes brightened the major's eyes. "If you please, sir," said he, abruptly, "we will come directly to the object of your visit."

"Very good. A long preface is unnecessary. In plain words, I came here to look after the interests of Miss Madeline Ingestre."

"Ah," Major Le Noir started to his feet. His instinctive dread and distrust of the man sitting so composedly opposite deepened perceptibly. "In what way, let me ask, are you concerned in her welfare?"

"It is a man's concern for a weak and defenseless woman, if you choose."

"If you have no better reason to offer, our interview might as well come to an end. Miss Ingestre has natural protectors."

"You are one of them?"

"Yes," sharply.

A contemptuous smile curled Mr. Marston's lip. "You would protect her in the same way you protected her mother, so many years since, perhaps—by driving her to suicide? Or, as you protected Wales Ingestre, more recently?"

Le Noir's face was ashy pale, now. His plump, fair hands shut sharply together. But his tone was even and affable as ever when at last he spoke.

"This is singular language for one gentleman to use to another, sir. A looker-on would think you intended to insinuate things very much to my discredit."

"Never mind about the possible interpretation that might be put upon my words. It is Miss Madeline Ingestre's affairs I am here to discuss. Now that her father is dead, will she be suffered to remain peaceably in this house, or will she not?"

"This is her home. Of course she will remain here if she chooses."

Mr. Marston straightened himself in his chair. "She shall remain here, and free from your persecution or her amiable stepmother's," he cried out, excitedly. "I wish to put you on your guard. If Miss Madeline has any cause of complaint, it shall be the worse for you and your allies!"

Major Le Noir laughed sneeringly. "Do you intend to intimidate me with threats?" he asked. "I intend that Madeline shall have her rights in spite of you."

"You are deeply interested in her welfare."

"I am. You harm her at your peril. Please repeat this caution to Mrs. Ingestre, since she might take it into her head to try the effect of some subtle nostrum or other upon her."

The major winced.

"You see I comprehend your game most fully," resumed Mr. Marston. "If that girl's life is tampered with, the cause of Wales Ingestre's death will be thoroughly investigated. And your ally will have two deaths to answer for."

The villain's cold-blooded calmness was wholly gone. He stepped forward involuntarily.

"Old man," he hissed between his teeth, "you know too much!"

Mr. Marston did not flinch. "You are in my power," he said, quietly. "I do not fear you. You dare not harm me."

"Dare not?" and Le Noir's face was like that of a devil. Dare not? Bah! I might throttle you here and now, and who would be the wiser? I am tempted to do it!"

"You will not. There are men waiting outside who have their orders. I would not trust myself to your mercy, you see. They will force their way into the house if I do not make my appearance within a specified time."

Major Le Noir calmed himself. He realized what a mistake he had made in losing his self-control. He made a desperate effort to regain it. "Forgive me," he said, with his old suave smile and polite manner. "I've got a terrible temper. It got the better of me, just now. I am heartily sorry. But it was not in me to listen to your insinuations unmoved."

Mr. Marston took no heed of this apology. He rose to depart.

"My business with you is ended," he said. "I came to warn you. If you are wise, you will be very circumspect in your conduct. One word in your ear before I go. You did not spend the whole, or even one-half the interim of your absence from the United States, in England. I know where you went from thence, and why you went."

Le Noir's face grew livid. He went forward a few steps, writhing and gasping, his hands outstretched. Then he paused, steadying himself against the wall.

"Are you man or devil?" he gasped, with white lips.

Mr. Marston turned, with his hand on the knob. "Whatever I may be, Major Le Noir, you cannot trifle with me. I hope you are now satisfied that I am fully posted in regard to your past and present movements. I do not think you will harm my protégée, Miss Madeline Ingestre, after what has been said to you. Good-morning."

He bowed, and took his departure.

(To be continued.)

## THE RACE FOR THE CUP.

ONE OF THE LAYS OF MODERN YACHTING.

ASHBURY of the Cambria,

By the god Neptune swore

That blasted Yankee yacht clubs

Should hold the Cup no more.

The R'y'l Har'ch swore it,

And the Livonia chose;

And made her sail against a fleet,

To show her speed by being beat.

And bade her straight—a choice discreet—

Disjoin the Yankee nose!

Then Royal Albert and ten more

Certificates send in:

Our membership we tender you,

If once the Cup you win.

Shame on the lubber yachtsman

Who'd not his cap throw up,

To see another fellow's yacht

"Go for" and win the cup.

Then straightway through the cable,

Brave words of challenge spun,

To tell an English champion claimed

That Cup of Fifty-one.

And clicking went the answer back

Beneath the salty foam:

"If you are on that lay, old boy,

You'll find New York at home!"

Tall is the talk that young club-swells.

Fill in the time 'twixt drinks;

Tough are the tales of yachtsmen.

As every landsman thinks;

Beyond all else a *scen. mag.*

Is to our papers dear;

Best of all news our women love

To know what others wear;

But now nor chaff nor scandal

Excites Delmonico's;

E'en gentle woman don't abuse

Another woman's clothes;

The Press, the Prince nor divorce heeds;

The Bears let stocks go up;

Bartenders, Belles and Brokers, too,

Think only of the Cup.

There be twenty chosen seamen—

The horniest of hand—

Who away on Livonia's deck

Both morn and even stand;

Evening and morn the twenty

Have spiced the brace secure—

A sacred fact, sent down intact,

From Viking tars of yore.

As with one quid the twenty

To leeward spit, then cry:

"Go forth and fourth, Ashbury!

But mind your weather eye.

Go! and return in glory,

If race be lost or won:

Bring 'neath the chimneys of Bow Bells

That Cup of Fifty-one!"

Now hath each New York yachtsman

Piped up his tale of woe;

A bowsprit needs new bracing,

A mainmast is no go.

And grim in Wall Street office

Long sits the Committee.

A well-pleased man Ashbury

Such weaknesses for to see.

But all without that office

Was gas and blowing dire;

Each proved himself the prophet true,

Each other one a liar.

And doves of youths (like asses,

With skins filled full of wine),

Swelled as they had been born at sea

And weaned on windward brine.

Now from the heights of City Hall

The Sons of New York spy

A speck of snowy canvas

Seaward against the sky.

(The Fathers of the city

Would have sat there that day,

But every hour injunctions came

That made them bear away.)

But plainly and more plainly

We recognize afar,

By shirt and vest, by leg and chest,

The brine-born British tar.

And plainly and more plainly

O'er that H-dropping crew,

Flutters the saucy Union Jack

(The R'y'l Har'ch falling slack),

With streamers showing at its back

Twelve other yacht clubs too.

Far from his saucy schooner,  
With pen thrice soaked in brine,  
The R'y'l Har'ch Commodore  
Indites him letters nine.  
Ingenious quibbles some of these,  
Worthy a lawyer of the seas,  
Who'd lose with pain, but win with ease,  
If words could so arrange.  
A baker's dozen matches he  
Demands upon the yeasty sea;  
Besides he files grave protests three,  
Bad luck to good to change.

Our Commodore's fair brow is dark,  
His words and spirits flow;  
He frequent smiles upon his watch,  
Inviting all below:  
"His yacht looks like a screamer, boys;  
I hope she ain't—here's luck!—  
If she can win the three in four,  
What hope is in the Cup?"

Then up spoke Salty Schuyler,  
The Captain of the Fleet:  
"Now every yacht upon the seas  
Must lose when she can't beat.  
Can we not fix this stranger?  
Set up the job all right?  
To treat him smooth when it is rough,  
But rough when wind is light!"

"Put up the job, Committee,  
And haste the yachts to name.  
I, with two more to help me,  
Will do this little game!  
O'er our club-course a stranger  
We'll do by rule of three:  
Now who will sail—don't all look pale!—  
Around the course with me?"

Up started Oak-heart Osgood—  
No fair-wind sailor he—  
"Lo! will I sit in thy cockpit,  
And win two tricks for thee?"  
And then outspoke young Bennett,  
A dauntless tar, you see:  
"High will I ride on thy port side,  
To splice the trace for thee!"

Winked sage that sly Committee  
To twirl this little game;  
With solemn air and anxious care  
Proceeded the yachts to name.  
The stranger's chance, now one in three,  
To lessen shrewdly they agree,  
By watching course and wind and sea.  
For yachmen in yacht-racing  
Must spare no means to win;  
And chance and trick—"too thin," or thick—  
Must all be counted in.

The day arrives. The British yacht  
Rides strong but easily  
Upon the Harbor surges light,  
That ripple round her day and night  
In sunlit gold or silver bright,  
A goodly craft to see.  
Flags drop and tug-boats whistle  
To note that time is up;  
With cloud of snowy canvas spread,  
With graceful plunge and tossing head,  
Like Arab courser desert-bred,  
The brave Columbia forward sped,  
To keep at home the Cup!

Once and again a victor  
On two succeeding days,  
The anti-English chuckling raise  
Wild Hall Columbias!  
"Behold us, haughty Briton,  
No more agast and pale!  
From New York shall the cable mark  
Disgrace to thy match losing bark,  
No more of British hopes the ark,  
Thou twice-defeated sail!"

But next morn sounds of laughter  
No more exultant rise;  
Right wrathful the Committee  
Proceeds to d—n its eyes!  
For that morn, rough and gusty,  
Though seized by neck and crup,  
No yacht will go to brave the blow  
And sail to save the Cup!

Ashbury laughs (but in his sleeve—  
No heart of Shylock he),  
And fogns regret that Sappho should  
To-day in dry dock be.  
Grim peril Ocean hides for one  
Who'd dauntless brave his blows—  
To run against e'en friendly flat  
That far from Roman nose!

Osgood smiles on the Palmer  
A smile serene and high:  
He eyes the damaged dauntless  
And scorn is in his eye.  
Quoth he: "My fair Columbia,  
Though crippled, stands at bay.  
Laggards! Will ye dare follow, if  
She once more leads the way?"

Then running up their topsails,  
Both yachts speed out to sea;  
Wounded Columbia struggles on,  
The Briton on her lee.  
Like hounds long held in 'straining leash,  
Like athletes trained for strife,  
Each joyous springs into the breeze,  
Each bravely breasts opposing seas,  
Straining in waist and back and knees,  
As though endowed with life!

But gustier the blow holds on;  
The white caps higher raise;  
Columbia's plucky fight is vain,  
At each fresh plunge she shows the strain  
Of three succeeding days.  
Never I ween did schooner  
In such an evil plight  
Make struggle brave 'gainst wind and wave,  
A comrade's tarnished name to save,  
And fight a losing fight.

"Curse her!" growl the Committee,  
"Why don't she hurry up?  
But for that stay, ere close of day,  
We should have saved the Cup!"  
"Heaven help her," cry the public,  
"And bring her safe to shore!"  
Important race, in sadder case,  
Was never risked before!  
For lo! her sails flap idly  
In blush of setting sun:  
The waves laugh mocking round her stern,  
Bow gives to wheel no answering turn;  
All eyes through glasses hotly burn  
That bitter—useless!—shame to learn,  
The British yacht has won!

But now fleet Sappho once again  
Assumes her wonted place,  
Proving on two succeeding days  
"An honor to her race!"  
Sailing all around the Briton  
Whose jig is surely up;  
She points a moral to adorn  
All tales about the Cup.

Still shall two names be honored  
Among fresh-water salts,  
At dinners and the opera;  
In pauses of the waltz,  
Blue-stocking, bare-necked beauty,  
Sad dog and tiresome pup  
In prose repeat, or limping feet,  
How Sappho and Columbia beat  
The Briton for the Cup!

When the whisky-punch is brewing  
And the old meerschaums are lit;  
When oysters broiled are served on toast,  
And all in comfort sit;  
When the sea-og draws his yarn out;  
The *biagueur* his longest bow;  
And the club-fathers silent keep,  
To show how much they know;  
Again we'll hear the story  
Of how the deed was done,  
When those two came to save our fame  
And the Cup of Fifty One!

DUNN BROWNE.

## NEWS BREVITIES.

A LARGE fire has occurred in Valparaiso. SLAVERY in Siam is to be abolished in January, 1872.

NOVEMBER 23d has been designated as Thanksgiving Day by Governor Hoffman.

PRINCE NAPOLEON has made a violent political speech in Corsica.

THE American Colonization Society will send an expedition to Liberia, November 1st.

ROCK ISLAND is about to commence the construction of water-works.

THE railway employés at Cologne, Germany, are on a strike.

THE Roosevelt Hospital, in this city, is to be formally opened on the 2d of November.

FOUR Cadets have been dismissed from West Point for "hazing."

THE story of a Regency in consequence of Queen Victoria's illness is officially denied.

BERLIN expects to show a population of 900,000 in the new census.

FIVE men have been lost on Lake Michigan by the sinking of a schooner.

A TWO thousand pound bar of soap is the sensation at the Atlanta (Ga.) Fair.

OIL CITY, Pa., boasts a new Academy of Music, formally opened a few weeks ago.

A TERRIBLE riot has occurred in Los Angeles, Cal., sixteen Chinamen having been hanged by a mob.

RESOLUTIONS of "thanks to God and the police of the city" were passed at an Indianapolis meeting.

MRS. FAIR's case comes before the Supreme Court of California this month. The San Francisco papers think she will be granted a new trial.

LOUISVILLE undertakers are auctioning off their summer collars, in order to make way for the "unique and handsome Winter styles."

SEVEN churches, six convents, eight schools, two asylums, and two hospitals belonging to the Roman Catholics were destroyed by the Chicago fire.

SAVANNAH, Ga., is talking about enlarging her boundaries by six additional square miles, which will make her entire area about ten and a half square miles.

THE matrons of Leavenworth, Kansas, have erected an illuminated clock, in order that their husbands may have no excuse for "not thinking it was so late."

THE women of Utah have sent to Washington a petition fifty feet long, protesting against polygamy and urging effective measures for its suppression.

A PETITION has been numerously signed by the Protestants of Alsace to the Imperial Chancellor in favor of the restoration of the self-government of the Church.

HAYTI is again threatened with revolution. Salnave and Salomon are both mentioned as exciting causes. The defeat of Baez, at San Juan, by Cabral, is confirmed.

AFFAIRS at Lima, Peru, are quiet, and the Ministry is unchanged. The recent trouble between the Italians and the native Romanists has not produced a crisis.

PHILADELPHIA is suffering from an unusual visitation of smallpox. The total number of cases during three weeks in October was 912, and during the same time the deaths numbered 151.

THE arrivals of vessels at Boston during nine months of the present year exceed those of the same period last year by 447, showing a considerable increase in the foreign commerce of that city.

THE effect of the Chicago fire has been to improve the value of real estate in that city. A piece of property which was bought for \$40,000 a year ago has been sold since the fire for \$50,000, and is said to be worth \$60,000 now.

ACCORDING to the returns made to the Bureau of Statistics, the total number of immigrants arriving at the port of New York during the months of July and August last was 50,145, of whom 29,692 were males and 20,453 females.

A CHICAGO wholesale grocer who was in New York when his store and contents were all destroyed, at once bought a large invoice of sugars and syrups, and started home to rebuild a new store, leaving word in New York: "I believe we can have a store built and in operation by the time we receive these goods."

A CONTEMPORARY in Chicago relates that when the fire approached, he and a colored nurse carried his bedridden mother in a sheet five blocks, to the corner of Wabash Avenue and Monroe Street, when he left to save the furniture, his mother adding her blessing at the last, and the nurse saying: "If this building gets afire, Charley, I shall stay with your mother!" Both were burned to death, and the faithful nurse was seen at a window as the walls fell backward.

THE corner-stone of the monument to be erected at Printing House Square to the memory of Benjamin Franklin was laid with Masonic ceremonies on Thursday, October 26th, John H. Anthon, M. W. Grand Master of New York, presiding. Among the documents sealed up in the box were Nos. 839 and 840 of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, containing the most complete illustrations of the great conflagration at Chicago. The statue is to be unveiled on the 7th of January next, the birthday of the distinguished Mason and journalist. It is to be presented to the journalists of New York city by Captain De Groot.

AMONG the ruins of the Western News Company's establishment, where an immense stock of periodicals and books was reduced to ashes in the Chicago fire, there was found a single leaf of a quarto Bible charred around the edges. It contained the first chapter of the Lamentations of Jeremiah, which opens with the following words: "How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people! how is she become a widow! she that was great among the nations and a princess among the provinces, how is she become tributary! she weepeth sore in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks; among all her lovers she hath none to comfort her." And that was the only fragment of literature saved from the News Company's great pile.



## CHAS. O'CONOR.

THE illustrious man whose portrait we publish this week needs neither introduction nor eulogy at our hands. To few men in the history of our country has it been permitted to occupy such a prominent position before the public during the lifetime of the individual, and it is still more remarkable that such prominence should have been acquired, not by means of such adventitious circumstances as official position, not by the help of mutual admiration societies, by the accident of birth or powerful social connections, but by the gradual and steady cultivation of a mind of great natural power, by indomitable energy applied to every undertaking, and by a course of action marked by unflinching rectitude of purpose and a noble disregard of consequences. The popularity enjoyed by him is "that which follows not that which is sought after." While his views on the great questions of the day have often been in opposition to those which have received popular endorsement, yet the most virulent political antagonist has never failed to accord to him the most thorough honesty of conviction and a complete absence of the arts of the demagogue.

It may be said of him that he has never sought or held public office; for, although a candidate for Lieutenant-Governor of this State in 1848, it was a forced nomination upon a ticket which had scarcely a chance of success; and although U. S. District Attorney for this district at the commencement of President Pierce's term, he accepted the office only under strong pressure, in order to reconcile party difficulties, and resigned it within a few months, and as soon as the necessity for his acceptance no longer existed.

To that portion of the public who only know or honor a lawyer from his connection with criminal or sensational cases, Mr. O'Conor's great reputation is generally dated from the part performed by him as counsel for Mrs. Forrest, in the famous divorce case against the well-known actor of that name. But to the class of persons whose attention is drawn to the services and position of a metropolitan advocate who is indifferent to newspaper notoriety, Charles O'Conor had long been known as one of the ablest members of the bar of our State. For the past fifteen years, by the voice of his brethren in the profession, as well as in the estimation of the public, he has been the recognized leader of the bar—not *primus inter pares*, but *facile princeps*.

Although he has for many years endeavored to withdraw from the active duties of the profession, his recent action in undertaking the legal crusade against municipal corruption is thoroughly characteristic of the man. In such an emergency, party ties and personal associations weigh as nothing with him. Obedient only to the call of duty, he throws the weight of his great mind, his untiring energy, and his lofty position, into the contest; and if a panacea for the evils we have so long endured is to be found in any legal procedure, the public may rest assured that he is to be their deliverer.

At Chester, Vt., recently, the townspeople turned out to celebrate the opening of a new cheese factory. An enormous cheese, nearly half a ton in weight, was distributed to the crowd,



CHARLES O'CONOR.

## THE NEW STEAMSHIP "EGYPT," OF THE NATIONAL LINE.

This line, which has now been in existence for eight years, and which, under its present management, has achieved a most remarkable and deserved popularity amongst all classes of travelers between the Old and New Worlds, has just added to its already splendid fleet of steamers one of the most magnificent vessels afloat. This new vessel, the *Egypt*, is 450 feet

and 6 inches in length, 44 feet in breadth of beam and 36 feet in depth of hold. Her gross register tonnage is 5,150 tons. She was built in Liverpool; is fitted with engines constructed on the compound principle, working up to 3,000 horse-power, and is supplied with steam from six double boilers arranged in two sets of three each, carrying a pressure of 75 pounds of steam to the square inch. She is a complete four-decker, with a spar-deck flush fore and aft, the only obstructions being (and

brief, the entire equipment of the *Egypt* has been conceived and executed with a sole view to the comfort, convenience and safety of her passengers; nothing seems to have been overlooked or neglected conducive to that end. The workmanship throughout is of the highest class, and if energy, enterprise and forethought command success, the National Line may well be proud of the latest addition to their magnificent fleet. It now consists of the *Egypt*, *Spain*, *Italy*, *France*, *England*, *Canada*, *Queen*, *Denmark*, *Holland*, *Helvetia*, *Erin* and *Virginia*. The *Spain*, the vessel seen in the distance, is 437 feet in length on the extreme upper deck, and is in every respect built and equipped like the *Egypt*. The offices of the line are at 69 Broadway, and its general management is in the able hands of Mr. F. W. J. Hurst.



CHICAGO AS IT IS.—ENTERPRISING YOUNG MERCHANT DISPOSING OF SPOILS OPPOSITE THE RUINS OF THE SHERMAN HOUSE.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES T. TAYLOR.—SEE PAGE 140.

these of the very slightest nature) the cabin entrances and sky-lights. This and the deck below are strongly plated with steel and planked with pine. The two lower decks are plated with iron amidships, where the general strain of the machinery is felt, and are also decked over with pine. The saloons, state-rooms and officers' rooms are heated by means of steam pipes, these being free from the danger incurred by the use of stoves when a vessel is pitching in a heavy sea-way. She has five steam winches, which save a vast amount of manual labor—work the pumps, hoist the sails and discharge and load the cargo. She has four masts—fore, main, mizzen and jigger—and two funnels, and can spread as much canvas as any vessel afloat, though "bending canvas" will scarcely be necessary when she can steam ahead at the rate of fourteen knots an hour.

The lower masts are of iron; the lower yards and lower topsail-yards (the National Line having adopted the American principle of double topsail-yards) are made of steel, securing lightness and strength. She has steering apparatus both amidships and aft, making the "rudder-work" doubly secure. Her spar or hurricane-deck is a new arrangement which is now superseding the old one of poop-cabin or deck-houses in nearly all the Atlantic steamers, the advantage of which is that no space is left for heavy seas to fall into and keep the vessel constantly flooded during rough weather, as also freeing her from the danger arising from immense weights of water breaking in below. The space under the spar-deck accommodates all the first-class passengers, officers and crew, the cooking-galleys, ice-houses, etc.; whilst the whole space between the main and lower decks is left entirely free for the steerage passengers. In

In the "Notes from Paris," in *Engineering*, we are informed of the successful application of hydraulic machinery to the stage. M. Gueniel has recently established his apparatus at the Gaité Theatre. The water is taken from the city mains under a pressure of three atmospheres; the accumulator is formed by the barrel of an hydraulic pump; the piston speed is a little more than 3 feet per second. This power is transmitted to the objects to be moved by four-fold tackle, which reduces the power to one-fourth while quadrupling the speed. By this means a large power, with a velocity of 13 feet per second, is obtained, transferable by pulleys to all parts of the stage,





THE MORMON PROBLEM SOLVED.

BRIGHAM—"I must submit to your laws—but what shall I do with all these?"  
U. S. G.—"Do as I do—give them offices."



## HER PROMISE.

"What shall I bring you?" I bent and said:  
"Roses and lilies, or pinks instead?"

"Bring what you like. I will be content,"  
She answered, and blushed, though her head  
was bent.

"Well, I have brought it. You promised me  
To take whatever my choice might be."

"I will keep my promise. What have you  
brought?"

"A loving heart and a tender thought."

"And, darling," I cried, "make your promise  
good;  
You must take it, dear, for you said you  
would."

"If I must, I must," sang my own blithe bird,  
Not because of your heart, but to keep my  
word."

## MAUD MOHAN;

OR,

WAS HE WORTH THE WINNING?

BY ANNIE THOMAS,

AUTHOR OF "DENNIS DONNE," "CALLED TO ACCOUNT,"  
"THE DOWER HOUSE," "PLAYED OUT," ETC.

## CHAPTER XVII.—GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY.

THE day of the trial of Gertrude Oliver for the murder of her husband dawned. A bright sunny day, shining out in violent, awful, brilliant contrast to the feelings of "one poor sister in tribulation."

Sir Edward had procured her a counsel—one of the most powerful advocates of the day. And this glib, clever, persuasive man did his best, and—Gertrude Oliver was acquitted!

There has been no delay, no fine drawing out of the trial purposely. It could have been done easily, so easily, unhappily! The first newspaper taken up would have supplied a sketch of the "action of a trial for murder."

But the dingy details are easily avoided. They would not add one particle of interest to the story of "Maud Mohan's" life, and so I, the historian of the same, am justified in passing them by as things of little worth.

To put the whole thing in a nutshell, Gertrude's character was cleared legally of the black shadow that had been cast upon it. She came out from the court in which she had been arraigned without a properly authenticated blot upon her. The law held her guiltless of the punishable sin. But society elected to believe that she had erred in another way, and it declared that her cousin, Sir Edward Maskleyne, was her fellow-sinner.

Was she guilty or not guilty of loving not wisely but too well? Her own people—the father and mother and sister, who received her with love and gaspings of teeth, asked this question prayerfully—but too palpably. The poor wounded, wrongfully accused, went home to them stripped of every bit of feminine vanity or self-conceit. That her cousin Edward should acknowledge her any more to be of the same flesh and blood as himself, was a matter of surprise to her; and suddenly she found herself called upon to declare that he was not her alder, and abettor, and guilty ally!

"My poor, poor child!" her mother said, "you must shun Edward from this hour, and if, by penitence and prayer—"

"Mother!" she interrupted, "I could never utter a prayer again if I shunned Edward. What are you trying to teach me?"

"Prudence, my child."  
"Prudence! Call it by its true name: ingratitude, heartlessness, vain time-serving, selfish folly. Mother, Edward has served me, and you tell me to shun him!"

"But for him you would not have been lost." The poor mother was bound by her own sense of right to say a certain number of admonishing words to her child.

"Mother! mother! forget that you're my mother, and say that you think the poor creature who married me lost his life by means of me; let me know what ground I am standing upon!"

"Gertrude! my child, don't harden yourself so."

"What good comes of softening oneself?" Gertrude asked. "I have tried being tender—I tried it with Guy, and he made me marry him; I've tried it with Edward, and he is falsely blamed on my account; if I could harden myself out of all care for the evil my tenderness has done, I should be happier than I ever shall be."

This was a sample of the conversations that took place daily, after poor Gertrude's acquittal, between mother and daughter—the mother always fearfully afraid of wording her full fears; the daughter always proudly averse to discussing those fears, and still so nervously sensitive about them. Small wonder that at length Gertrude drooped and pined, and seemed about to die.

Things remained in this attitude for about six weeks, and during all that time Gertrude and the Olivers had never met. The poor girl had been fully cleared from the foul charge of murder that had been brought against her, by evidence which clearly proved that Guy Oliver had eaten some poisoned wheat that was placed in the barn, mistaking it for sample wheat. But though she had been fully cleared from the charge of murder, the majority held that she had been guilty of the no less heinous crime of loving her cousin too well.

Lady Maskleyne, in fury and rage at this fresh instance of the depravity of every one in whose veins the blood of Oliver ran, had taken wing to town, where she spent her time in trying to persuade Maud Mohan that Edward was dying with impatience to claim her for his bride.

"He has not told me so," Maud would say, invariably.

"My dear child, were you not the one to defer the marriage when the day was fixed?"

"Yes," Maud would flash out; "his cousin's neck might have been in a halter very soon for all we knew: until that poor girl was saved from the toils, I should have been a hardened wretch indeed to have set wedding-bells going at Treverton and Colton Towers; but I assure you Edward bears the delay with equanimity." And she would smile rather a sad smile.

Edward, meanwhile, remained at Colton Towers, fearing that if he left, Gertrude would lose the only friend she had who knew her to be entirely innocent of all offense. He could not bring himself to go away, when the sight of him was the only thing that brought a ray of light into her darkened life. She had told him repeatedly that she should have gone mad had he not come to her while the charge was still hanging over her head. She clung to him as the drowning wretch clings to the rope flung out to save. She would spring to meet him when he came to her sitting-room with a faint semblance of her lost girlishness. And when he put in a plea to Maud, his betrothed, to forgive him for not leaving his cousin yet until the black cloud of horror over her head had partially cleared away, Maud had replied:

"I should blame you if you came to me now." And he accepted the permission to stay, thus given, and did not quite take in the meaning of the words.

Gertrude had such an unconquerable horror of seeing any one, that she never moved out of her father's house since she returned to it, until one morning Edward came (he would come, despite the black looks of the family), and induced her to go by a private way into the Colton Towers grounds with him.

They walked through the lane in silence, but he knew by the quivering sobs that shook her, and made her hand tremble on his arm, how much the fresh air and the sight of all the beauty and graciousness there was in the world were affecting her. When they got into a glade of the park, he stopped under the shade of one of the widest-spreading trees, and begged her to sit down and rest.

"See, I've bought a plaid for you, Gerty, dear; besides, the ground is quite dry."

"It wouldn't matter much if I caught cold and died of it straight off, but it would be dreadful to have a bad illness, and then have the trouble of recovering from it." She had seated herself, and spoken these words in such a heartbroken despair, with such a piteously appealing look in her upturned face, that his heart ached.

"Gerty, my dear Gerty, don't be so awfully despondent; you've had an awful shock, but it's over now; your youth and beauty and goodness will reassert themselves soon."

"I can't feel it to be worth while that they should; what have I to live for?"

"My love! oh, my love!" He had cast himself down by her side, and now he muttered these words with his face buried in his hands. They were wrung from him; he did not attempt to supplement them by a touch of the hand or a look.

"Your cousin," she said, gently, with strong emphasis; "a cousin who feels like a sister to the best brother." Her voice shook a little as she uttered the pardonable falsehood that was designed to restore him to his senses.

"Gertrude, it's no use, we can't deceive ourselves; you are dearer to me than any woman in the world, and I am—"

"Bound to another woman, Edward," she interrupted; "bound to the best, the loveliest, the most lovable woman in the world. Maud Mohan will make you so happy; and—let us go home."

"You're afraid to be with me, Gertrude, my darling," he said, mournfully; "you're afraid that I shall speak some more truths against your will and my own; no, we have said enough to prove to each other that we know how we stand now; further words would be idle."

"They'd be worse—wicked," she said.

"Not wicked; they would be too utterly useless and hopeless to be wicked. I thought I was stronger than I've proved, Gerty. When I came down to you in your sharp distress, I did think I had killed the old hot love I'd had for you; but it's burning fiercer than ever."

"When shall you be married?"

"I don't know; I have not seen Maud since I came to you first; you have been my sole thought, my sole care; literally I forgot what I owed to Maud."

"She is good and patient with you, Ted. I couldn't have spared you to any cousin if I had been in her place; but you must go down, and never let her suppose for an instant that it was anything but family feeling kept you here. You won't deserve happiness, or prosperity, or anything good, if you do not act in good faith. Promise me that you won't make noble-hearted Maud Mohan despise us both."

"She would not despise—she would pity and—"

"Forgive! I know she would; but oh! the weight that pity and pardon would be. Here on this first day that I have been out under the pure blue sky, since my agony, let us bury all possibility of ever being more to one another than true friends, faithful friends; let us keep the right to look Maud in the face and say 'we have not wronged her.'"

"You are right; then I must go—soon, you say?"

"You ought to go at once. When you are married—when you're married, and my father and mother see that I do not shrink from putting my hand in your wife's, or from meeting her eye, they will believe that it was imprudence only, and not guilt, that brought us together in my husband's lifetime. You see I call things by their right names, Edward."

"What a rash, impetuous fool I have been!"

"Ted, dear, don't regret what you have done; go to her at once, and be won back by her completely; it's half pity for me that you are feeling now."

"It is the love of my life," he muttered.

"No, no, no," she cried, passionately; "don't let yourself think that, because such a thought once worded, may cling to you and cause you such agonies of remorse; let us go home; the air is tiring me. Come, Ted."

He rose at her bidding, and offered her his arm, but she shook her head, and professed to have both hands employed with her draperies. It had been a sharp trial to her strength, for she loved this man desperately, wildly, and the touch of her hand on his arm might tell too truly of her tenderness, for her to dare to put it there.

Just as they neared home, they were met face to face by old Mrs. Oliver and her two daughters, and Gertrude knew in a moment that seeing her with her cousin filled them with horror and aversion. She knew that they had been the first to suspect her of the revolting crime, but that they were afterward repentant of their suspicions, and firmly convinced of her innocence. It hurt her now, poor wounded thing, to see such condemnation in their eyes.

"Go on, Ted," she whispered. "I must speak to them alone."

"At last you have come to see me," she said, going up to her aunt. "Come in quickly, and let us tell each other something that is in our hearts."

"Gertrude, mamma has been more sorely tried perhaps than any one else," Carry observed, severely; and Gertrude turned her streaming eyes on the mother who had loved Guy, and sobbed out:

"I know it—I know it; but you won't deny me the right to share in your sorrow. Will you?"

"Gertrude, I did believe you were not a humbug," Louisa put in, sharply; "to talk of sharing in our sorrow for our poor lost brother, when we all know you never cared for him!"

"Guy was my cousin and my playfellow," Gertrude said, gravely. "I mourn for him more truly than you do, if you can revile me; but do let there be peace between us," she added, quickly. "Come in and ease my mother's heart by showing her that you don't hate me."

"Not while that man is in the house," Mrs. Oliver said, sternly.

"What man?" Then, with a proud, indignant blush, "Do you mean my cousin Edward Maskleyne?"

"Cousin! All the place is saying he is more your lover than he is Miss Mohan's, and pitying her."

"All the place, then, will be delighted to learn that he has staid here to aid one of the most forlorn of God's creatures at Miss Mohan's request," Gertrude answered, calmly. "He is going away to be married very soon, and when he brings his wife back, I shall have two loving, trusting friends at Colton Towers, instead of one."

"You are sure he is going to be married soon, Gertrude?" Old Mrs. Oliver longed to "make it up with the Maskleynes," and go into Treverton again freely, as of old, and gossip about her emotions when her son died. She was cut off this pleasure by reason of the pugnacity her daughters had displayed, and had insisted on her displaying, toward Gertrude. Surely if the rock of offense in the person of Sir Edward was about to be removed by matrimony, there could be no valid objection to her going into Gertrude's temporary home and bewailing, and eating luncheon, and rehearsing her woes.

"I am sure he is going to be married soon." (Oh, what a spasm of agony the speaking that assurance cost the girl!) "Why, aunt," she added, "he would have been married long ago if Miss Mohan had not sent him down to be my friend, when—I needed one so much."

"I shall be glad for your sake when he is married," Carry said, as they all turned to accompany Gertrude into her own house; "people will say things, you know, Gertrude; they forget the relationship which sanctifies all things."

"Oh, don't, cousin!" poor Gertrude cried. "I have had—we have all had such awful realities staring us in the face, that big words now about little things seem such mockeries to me. I know that under God I owe my life to my cousin—"

"My dear, your father would have got a counsel for you," Mrs. Oliver suggested, pompously.

"But I should have destroyed myself, aunt, in my agony. Edward's was the only face that didn't look doubt of one thing or another at me; he knows I am innocent, and I bless and cling to him for the knowledge, and oh! I—"

The words died away, and poor Gertrude fell forward, insensible to all the meaning looks and misery that were about her.

Poor Gertrude! The strain that had been on her so recently—the strong necessity she felt for commanding herself—together with the fresh air, to which she had been a stranger so long, and the knowledge that so soon Maud Mohan would wear the crown for which she (Gertrude) would have periled life, but not honor—all these combined were too much for the shattered physique and the over-tasked mind.

"She only did it that he might be obliged to come out and hold her in his arms," Louisa said, indignantly and spitefully, as she, together with her mother and sister, followed Sir Edward, who was carrying Gertrude into the house.

The day following this, old Lady Maskleyne was spending the hour before an impending kettledrum with Maud Mohan in that young lady's own special sanctum.

Maud was looking simply sparkling this afternoon in a dress of purple velvet, relieved by old-point trimmings on the bodice and sleeves. Purple velvet was run through her bright hair, too, and purple silk boots cased her feet.

"What news from Colton Towers to-day, Maud?" the old lady commenced.

"None, dear Lady Maskleyne. I gave Ted timely warning that I was going to assemble

my friends together and bore them with tea and small-talk this afternoon; but I suppose he has very wisely resolved to cut as much of this special form of misery as he can."

"His uncle is sponging on him terribly, I am sure, detaining him so; and Maud, my dear child, why do you wear a bow fit only for a married woman on your head; it's built up like a coil; what are you thinking of?"

"I'm thinking that it is becoming," Maud said, tossing her head up at ever so slight an angle.

"So it is; but you'll so soon have the right to wear it as a married woman, that, if I were you, while I was a girl I would dress like a girl."

Maud made no answer, and Lady Maskleyne looked at her sharply and uneasily.

"Why don't you speak, Maud, my dear?" she said, gently. "Didn't you hear what I said? 'You will so soon be married.'"

"Yes, I heard," Maud said, nodding her head. "To be quite candid, I didn't speak, because I had nothing to say."

"Maud, have you and Edward quarreled?"

"Quarreled with Ted! No, dear old fellow, certainly not!" Maud said, distinctly, rising up to receive the first group of guests who were being ushered in at the moment.

The kettledrum was much like other kettledrums. A little brighter and more vivacious, by reason of the exceeding brightness and vivacity of the young hostess. There was a little singing and music, but very little. It was Maud's habit to cultivate conversation as an art, and that she succeeded, was proved chiefly by the fact that eleven men and women, professors of different branches of literature and art, deemed it no waste of time to spend an hour or two at her "at home."

But when the last guest had gone, when even Lady Maskleyne had driven away to dinner, Maud sat down with an air of weariness in an alcove formed of flowers and ferns, and all the brightness and vivacity took instant flight.

She had trained herself down to bear without complaint that long absence of her lover's. But not all her high courage could save her from feeling it painfully. While he had been of absolute use to his cousin Gertrude, Maud had invited him to stay. But when the trial was over, and the poor, harassed creature who had been tried was home, then at least Maud knew that no real lover would have remained away from her any longer.

His letters, too, were they entirely satisfactory? She pulled a little casket toward her, and took his last epistle out and re-read it. Surely it lacked the genuine ring of the metal. Such phrases as the following seemed uncalled for:

"Good, best of girls! I feel daily more and more how unworthy I am of you. But if I have any knowledge of myself, I will strive as man never strove before to make you happy, and to repay in some slight measure the unbounded confidence you have reposed in me. I have gone through great mental agony since we parted! How great, God only knows, for I shall never be able to express it to any human being. Thanks for your tender solicitude about my unhappy cousin, whose reason is the only thing left to her in life."

She read so far, then shook her head with a sigh and replaced the letter in the casket. At the time of the trial, when all those condemnatory details respecting Gertrude's meetings, after her marriage, with Sir Edward Maskleyne, had been given in the public papers, Maud had utterly refused to see anything wrong or even extraordinary in such meetings. But now! Well, Ted had lingered on near his "unhappy cousin" over long, considering the position he stood in with regard to Maud.

"What shall I do when he comes?" This was the question that was distracting her now. What should she say to him, and what should she do if he came to her feigning as much love as ever, and began to caress her?

"I will get the truth, whatever it may be, from him—and be Ted's best friend still," she said to herself, as a few tears welled up into her eyes. And just as she came to this resolution, the door opened, and "Sir Edward Maskleyne" was announced.

"I couldn't get up in time for your tournament, Maud," he began, hurriedly; and then he was by her side, bending down to kiss her.

"Ah, Ted! dear Ted, I'm so glad to see you!" she said, cheerily. But though she called him "dear Ted" she drew her head back and evaded his kiss, and Edward knew the hour had come!

(To be continued.)

## DISAPPEARED!

Yes, I can tell you the story of my dear old friend Bayle; no one better. Some of my friends here may have heard it before, but it will bear hearing again. I can't say I'm proud to tell it, because it's too sad an ending, as far as he was concerned, poor fellow, though I myself had a lucky escape.

James Bayle was a very peculiar man. I don't think any one understood him except myself. He was certainly more open with me than with any of his other friends or acquaintances. It was three years ago, in November, when he came up to London to stay with me in this very house. He used to go out on long walks by himself every day, and I knew his object, for he had confided to me the fact that he was going to marry a young girl somewhat below him in station, and he was looking for a house in London, as he intended to work hard on two or three journals, to the staff of which he had long been attached.

The sort of house that he looked for was, as you may believe, not a very dear one. He naturally wished for a very quiet situation; and as he was a man who had always lived in the country, and was very fond of flowers, he said he would put up with any inconvenience so



long as he could have a piece of ground of himself. He told me the sort of house he required, and I told him the districts in which he would most probably find one. It was one Wednesday, I remember, four days after he had been with us, that he went out rather earlier than usual. We never expected him to return very early; but when the dinner-bell rang, and we found he had not come in, we felt a little uneasy. He was a very shy man, as you know, and very particular; the last thing he would be likely to do was to be purposely late for dinner, without giving us any warning. We waited twenty minutes, and then sat down without him. He never came back at all that night, nor the next day, nor the day after that; in fact, as you all know, he never came back at all.

We went to the police-office at once; and I was very much amused at the theories set up by the excellent detectives to account for his disappearance. I told them I believed it very likely that he had been looking for a house, or, if not, that he had gone to the British Museum; but they got it into their heads that he had been decoyed into the slums of St. Giles's or Westminster, or had committed suicide; and nothing would dissuade them at first from these two ingenious theories.

They asked me if he was not a man of studious, solitary habits, rather eccentric.

I answered: "Yes, certainly."

"Then, depend upon it," said the sergeant, "he's in the Regent's Canal or the Thames."

This reasoning was so unanswerable that I did not attempt to answer it; but I determined to test my own theory first.

Hitherto we had been able to find nobody who had seen him. He knew very few people in London, and he was not the sort of man to attract attention. I began my endeavors to trace his movements in rather a novel manner.

I started every morning from my own house at the same hour as he had done. I stood for about five minutes in the street, and then I set out in whatever direction chance suggested to me. For eight days I walked almost fifteen miles a day, looking everywhere for any house to let which would have been likely to attract Bayle's attention, but I did not get any clue. I found several which he had been to, but not on the day upon which he disappeared. On the ninth day I started at the same hour; this day I selected a district which I knew to contain one or two houses such as he required. I walked on in the same unpremeditated manner, turning down any street as chance led me. I was very much dispirited, so much so that I had forgotten I was hungry, when I found myself in a very quiet part of one of the western suburbs. I was just going to try and find some place where I could lunch, which promised to be no easy matter, as there seemed no shops or public-houses near, when my eye caught a very crazy-looking board which was peering over the dingy corner of a dead-wall straight in front of me. I walked up to it, and read: "This eligible villa to be let, unfurnished, with one acre of ground. Stabling, etc. Terms very moderate. Inquire within."

I could only see the top of the house, which seemed very low, and some little way from the road. The front looked on to Duddon's Grove; on one side was a Dissenting chapel, standing in a small piece of ground; on the other, a very quiet, lonely lane; there was a door evidently leading to the stable-yard; it was bolted, and there was no bell. I tried to make the people hear, and failing, I returned to the front entrance, which I had not seen before, and after some little trouble, I found the bell, and rang it. Five minutes elapsed before any one answered the summons, and then a man opened the door, and asked me what I wanted? He was a cunning, dirty-looking fellow, with very peculiar eyebrows, growing in patches, as if he had had the mange. He looked as if he had been drinking, but he did not speak thick, nor was his gait or hand unsteady, but the blood-shot eyes and blotchy face made me feel sure that he was not a man I should care to leave in charge of a house. One other peculiarity I noticed then, and that was the great length of his arms, which gave him the appearance of a great ape.

He led the way down a damp grand walk, overgrown with weeds, through what had been a little garden. On the right-hand side I noticed a large patch of very rank grass round a broken old sun-dial. I remarked to the man that the soil seemed pretty rich there.

"Yes," he answered, with a kind of hoarse chuckle, "the grass do grow very thick and sweet just there; and it ought to, considering what's underneath."

"Why, what is underneath there?"

"Clay, of course," he answered, with another chuckle, and by this time I found myself at the front door of the house.

It was a singular little place. The windows of what was probably the dining-room opened into a rickety, moldy veranda, which terminated at the porch. This porch projected some little way from the house, and at once struck me as space very ill-utilized, since there was no room above. Two urns, that looked as if they were afflicted with gangrene, surmounted the front door; the lattice-work that had once been put up for the creepers was nearly all rotted away. One or two chimneys were quite ready to drop, and the whole place looked as if it was built of moldy cheese.

"Not in very good repair, this house," I observed to my hideous guide.

"Oh, quite good enough. Only wants a little touching up here and there."

I can't tell you when it was that the peculiar feeling, which had taken possession of me ever since I looked at this uninviting property, pronounced itself so strongly as to become a distinct sense of horror. But it was so now, and as I looked up at the pucker of face of this ape-like man, I saw something that made me almost utter a cry of dread. But I restrained myself; I should not have been such a fool any other time, but I had been now walking about for

seven hours, and my breakfast had consisted of one cup of tea.

We entered the house, and in the passage we found a woman waiting for us. "My wife," said the man; "she will go through the rooms with you"; and then he disappeared through the house into the back yard.

The woman took me into the rooms on the ground-floor. I observed nothing remarkable about them, except that they were very gloomy. There were no rooms on the basement, except cellars. The kitchen, scullery, etc., were on the ground-floor. I saw that there was a yard, with stables and wash-house in it; I went into the stable, and found that it was little more than a shed; the wooden back abutted on some waste ground, inclosed by the low wall of the lane which I have mentioned before. Altogether, I never saw such a lonely house so near the busy part of the west end of London. I asked the woman how far it was to Piccadilly, and she told me only fifteen minutes' walk. She turned out to be quite right, for I had wandered round and round so much in that day's expedition, that I was much nearer the civilized region of Belgravia than I thought.

The peculiar feeling which I have mentioned was still strong on me. I was perfectly sure, that somehow or other I had lighted on the real clue to my dear friend's fate. I dare say you will laugh at me, a practical old money-getting fog, when I tell you that I felt, as I ascended the staircase of this house, that James Bayle was close beside me.

As I said, there were only two stories to the house; but it was a straggling sort of building. The woman took me through a sitting-room, which she called the drawing-room, but which in its present state was much more like a lumber-room with nothing in it, and through this, across a passage to a much smaller room, which she and her husband used as their dwelling-room. There were two children, of very unprepossessing appearance—a boy and a girl. They were fighting for something when we entered, and we had hardly got inside the room before I saw that the boy had wrested from his sister a small pencil-case.

"What have you got there, my little man?" I said. "Let me look." He showed it me with some pride. There was no mistaking it. It was a somewhat peculiar one, made of ebony and silver, and I recognized it at once as having belonged to James Bayle.

I suppose my face must have betrayed my agitation, for the woman looked at me closely, and then remarked:

"It's a pretty little thing as little Johnny picked up the other day when he was out; if I could find who it belonged to, I should be glad."

"Oh, it's not worth much," I said; "it's well it has fallen into such honest hands."

We now went up three steps, and into a larger room, a bed-room.

"This is the best bed-room," she said; "there is another one next it, in which a servant, or the nurse and child, could sleep very conveniently."

I saw nothing in the room worth noticing, and followed my conductress into the next one. These rooms had all doors opening into the passage. I thought I heard the handle of the door move as we came in. There was a peculiar smell here, a very sickly smell.

I began to feel uncomfortable, and I was at a loss how to act. There was no reason to disbelieve the woman's statement about the pencil-case; and yet I felt sure that it was untrue. I went to the window, in order to gain time. I heard the passage-door open, and when I turned round, the man was standing there.

"I hope the gentleman likes the house," he said. "It is a little damp, but it is very cheerful in the summer, and so quiet."

"I suppose there is not much more to see. It's rather a gloomy place."

"Well, you see it's a dark sort of a day, but with a little trouble it might be made a beautiful villa." The man had moved to the door leading into the bed-room, as if he was going through. When he said this, he turned round from the door; he had one of his long arms in the pocket of his coat, which was open. I noticed that many of his waistcoat-buttons were torn off.

I stood reflecting a moment, calculating the chances I should have in a struggle with him. They seemed in his favor.

"I think I may as well be going; if you will give me the address of the landlord, I will write to him."

"Here's two more nice sleeping-rooms on this floor," said the woman, and she opened a door at the further end of the room which I had not seen. I followed her down two steps, into a fair-sized room. The sickly smell was stronger here. There was a stain on the middle of the floor, which looked as if it had been lately washed.

"You can go out this way, sir: the landlord will repair these rooms, and do all necessary repairs, he told us to say, sir. I tries to keep this place as clean as I can, but, of course, it looks rather dull." She had got to the door, and stood still to allow me to pass, with her hand on the handle. I could not see the man. I was feeling in my pocket for a small coin to give her, when she opened the door half-way, and courtesied. I passed on, and before I had time to turn back, the door was shut on me. The smell I had already perceived was horribly strong here. I turned giddy. I had almost lost my senses, when a blow from behind knocked me down. I had just time to catch a glimpse of some chemical apparatus in the corner of what seemed more like a dark closet than a room, when I fell.

I remember nothing of what happened then. The first sign of returning sense was the perception of a pungent odor. Then I felt something run over my head. Then I tried to move. I was covered with straw. I was in the shed of the stables evidently, and the smell of the manure acted beneficially in rousing my

brain. I was very weak from loss of blood; but I knew that if I didn't exert myself at once I had little chance of escape. I crawled to the door of the shed; it was locked. If it had been open, I did not know how I could have escaped across the yard without being seen. I examined the outside wall of the shed. I found a place where the boards had been mended, about three feet from the ground.

Fortunately I had with me a large pocket-knife, containing, among other things, a saw and a screw-driver. I worked away at the boards as quietly as I could; it was very hard work. My head was very bad all the time, but my arms were not hurt. I started at every noise; sometimes it was a rat running across, sometimes the horse in the stall, but no one came to the door. In about half an hour, as near as I could reckon, I had sawed through three planks, and loosened them sufficiently to make an opening big enough to crawl out. I put the knife in my mouth, and slowly crept on my hands and knees into the open air. It was raining, and the rain refreshed me very much. I could not walk upright very well, so I crawled on till I got to the wall, which was, luckily, very low. I managed to pull myself to the top, and then reeled and dropped in a heap on the other side. There was a gutter in the lane, and it was full, for it had been raining very hard. I washed my mouth out with the water, which, dirty as it was, was grateful to my parched throat. Keeping by the wall, I staggered along till I came to a lighted street. Here I got help; the police-office was close by. I got a couple of policemen, then we got into a cab. They made me stop to have my head dressed, but I could not rest, though the surgeon insisted on my doing so, till I found what had become of James Bayle.

We got to the house. The police got over the wall, and lifted me over. We found the man and the woman sitting in the kitchen. When they saw me, all pale and bandaged, she fainted away, and he was paralyzed with terror. He made no resistance. We went upstairs, and I showed them the place where I was struck.

The little room or closet, at the door of which I fell, had been fitted up as a laboratory. An old retort, on a spirit-lamp, stood in the corner. The window was blocked up; there was no chimney. The strange smell was still very strong, and the poisonous vapor had not yet all dispersed. We searched the rooms, and found some clothes and other articles which I identified as belonging to James Bayle, and which he had on or about him when he left my house. The man denied all knowledge of Bayle, and swore the things had been given him. But we had no doubt as to his fate.

Both the man and woman were taken to the police-station at once. I had fainted and they took me home. A policeman was left in charge of the place. The next day, on examining the garden, his attention was directed to the spot where I had noticed how rank the grass was. He got a spade, and about two feet under the ground he found a body. When the sergeant came, they worked together, and dug out three corpses, two in a very advanced state of decay; the other was still recognizable as the body of James Bayle.

I was very ill for some time. I owed my life to an accident. Almost immediately I was knocked down a ring at the bell came. They thought I was dead, and, hastily throwing a coat over me, carried me into the shed. They hid my body in the straw. Meantime, the bell had rung twice. It was the landlord's agent, who had called about some matter of business. He did not stay long; but almost immediately after he had gone, a friend of this respectable couple came in, bringing with him a more welcome guest in the shape of a bottle of gin. To this happy arrival I owe my escape.

The murderer and his accomplice, as you know, both committed suicide. He had been a chemist, and was by birth an Italian. The two other bodies were never identified, but there is little doubt that they were murdered in the same way.

#### WORTH OF FOUR PINS.

THERE is, or was, a Polish lady, the Countess of K—, living in Paris. She wears a very singular brooch or breastpin. Encircled by twenty precious stones, on the ground of a dark-blue stone, and covered by glass in front, is—what do you suppose? A portrait? No. A lock of hair? No. What then? Just four common pins bent together in the form of a star! Why does she wear such a singular thing as this? Her husband, a Polish nobleman, was put in prison because he was thought to be a secret enemy of the Government. He was put into a dark, deep dungeon, far down under the ground. He had no light. He could not tell when it was day, or when it was night. He had no one to speak to, for no one was allowed to go near him but the keeper of the prison, and he was not allowed to speak to him. He had nothing to do; days, weeks, and months passed, and he was still in the dungeon; he was not brought to trial. Poor man! how miserable he was! He thought he would lose his mind; he felt his reason beginning to give way. Oh, if he only had something to do! Feeling over his coat, one day, he found four pins, and he wept for joy. But you say: "Four pins! And what use were they to him?" Why, he just took them from his coat and threw them on the floor of his dungeon, and then he went down on his hands and knees, and felt all over the floor till he found them. When he found them, he scattered them on the floor again, and could you have gone into his dungeon, you would have found him on his hands and knees groping for his four pins! It was all his work. And when, after six years' imprisonment, his cell was opened to set him at liberty, they found him groping in the dark for his pins. And he would not leave his prison without taking his four pins with him. They

were his best friends, because they had given him something to do; and his countess had them made up into a breastpin, which she valued more than gold. They had preserved her husband's reason.

#### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

SIGNOR RANDOLFI, the admired baritone, has returned from his short tour with Miss Kellogg, and will probably soon appear with the Nilsson Opera Troupe as *Ernani*.

MR. J. B. POLK, the rising young comedian of Wallack's, has made a most favorable impression by his personation of *Sir George Airy* in Mrs. Centlivre's comedy of the "Busybody."

THE Manager of the Union Square Theatre, Mr. Baker, deserves the support of the public. He has produced a series of entertainments very acceptable to the crowded audiences he nightly gathers together.

CHARLES MATHEWS is drawing very well with his sketches of character at Wallack's, and his pleasing designs are artistically developed by the veteran actor, every picture he presents being perfect in conception, detail, and finish, and placed in the best light, by this Meissonnier of the stage.

THAT Hero of a Hundred Nights, Mr. Augustus Daly, pleasantly discovers that his last play will not be Divorced from public affection until the five-score representations of *Le Riquet* are completed and the centennial nuptials prosperously rounded off and duly recorded in histrionic history.

AN admirable performance of the "Messiah"—under the able conduct of Mr. George Bristow—was given at Steinway Hall on the 24th ult., with Mme. Parepa-Rosa, Mr. George Simpson, Mrs. Seguin and Mr. Aynsley Cook as principals, and the Mendelssohn Union as chorus. The hall was full, and the solo artists, choral force and band at their best.

MISS SUSAN GALTON has charmed the town by her personation of *Ernestine* in the pretty little operetta, "The Prima Donna of a Night," now playing nightly at the St. James's Theatre. There should be an Operetta and Vaudeville Theatre in New York, and we cordially hope Manager McDonough will follow up his successful first step in that direction.

THE Santley and Dolby Concert Troupe gave a delightful concert at Brooklyn on October 27th. It was attended by the elite of the City of Churches, who pronounced it one of the most *recherché* entertainments ever offered for their fashionable acceptance—Santley's magnificent baritone, and perfect style charming the Brooklynites to the top of their bent.

MR. SOTHERN fills Niblo's Theatre with audiences, who, in their turn, fill that histrionic space with inextinguishable roars of laughter, and his coffers with the piteous dollar. The Psalmist tells us that the Lord protecteth the simple—and that Prince of Imbeciles, *Dundreary*, is doubly blessed, prosperity and approbation performing a cheerful *pas-de-deux* perpetually around his path.

WACHTEL unleashed his stentorian pack of notes in the reverberant "William Tell" music at the Stadt Theatre last week. Judging from his tremendous "Sutrez-moi!" he might have been heard all over the little Swiss Canton, had the stalwart tenor been the original *Arnold*; and the music-loving Austrians would have laid down their arms, and fallen on their knees in conquered admiration; and so, the fight not fought.

MISS CUSHMAN's *Meg Merrilies* glows with its wonted fire, and has awakened critics and public to an enthusiasm of eulogistic writing, and a rapture of applause, seldom evoked. It is, indeed, a very grand personation, unapproached in its electrical power and breadth by any tragic artist in our remembrance. *Harry Bertram* (Mr. Arthur Mathison), and *Dandie Dinmont* (Mr. Fenno) must feel satisfied that their duties are well performed, by the fact of Miss Cushman's leading them both forward, to join in the honors of the resistless summons before the curtain, at the end of the play.

#### FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

Good music—the harvest song—three beets to the measure.

THE four seasons—Mustard, salt, pepper, and vinegar.

A CO-OPERATIVE tea company announces that it gives chignons to its customers.

WHY are pigs like fashionable women?—Because they each carry a curl behind.

IN Colorado a bald person finds himself al-luded to as "a man with his head above timber line."

WHICH would a young lady rather be—a Dryad, or a Naiad?—A Dryad, for then she would be a wood'd nymph.

WHY does the gorilla prefer the tropics to any other part of the world?—Because it is the only place he can call his zone.

"I'm ruined," as the old woman said when her house was on fire, "but it's a cold night, and I may as well warm myself."

EVEN the derided organ-grinder has his good points; he supplies to the pent-up poor one of the greatest luxuries of life—a change of air.

WHAT is the difference between a *premiere danseuse* and a duck?—One goes quick on her beautiful legs, and the other goes quack on her beautiful eggs.

AN eccentric clergyman lately said, in one of his sermons, that "about the commonest proof we have that a man is made of clay is the brick so often found in his hat."

A QUARRELsome couple were discussing the subject of epitaphs and tombstones, and the husband said: "My dear, what kind of a stone do you suppose they will give me when I die?" "Brimstone, my love!" was the affectionate reply.

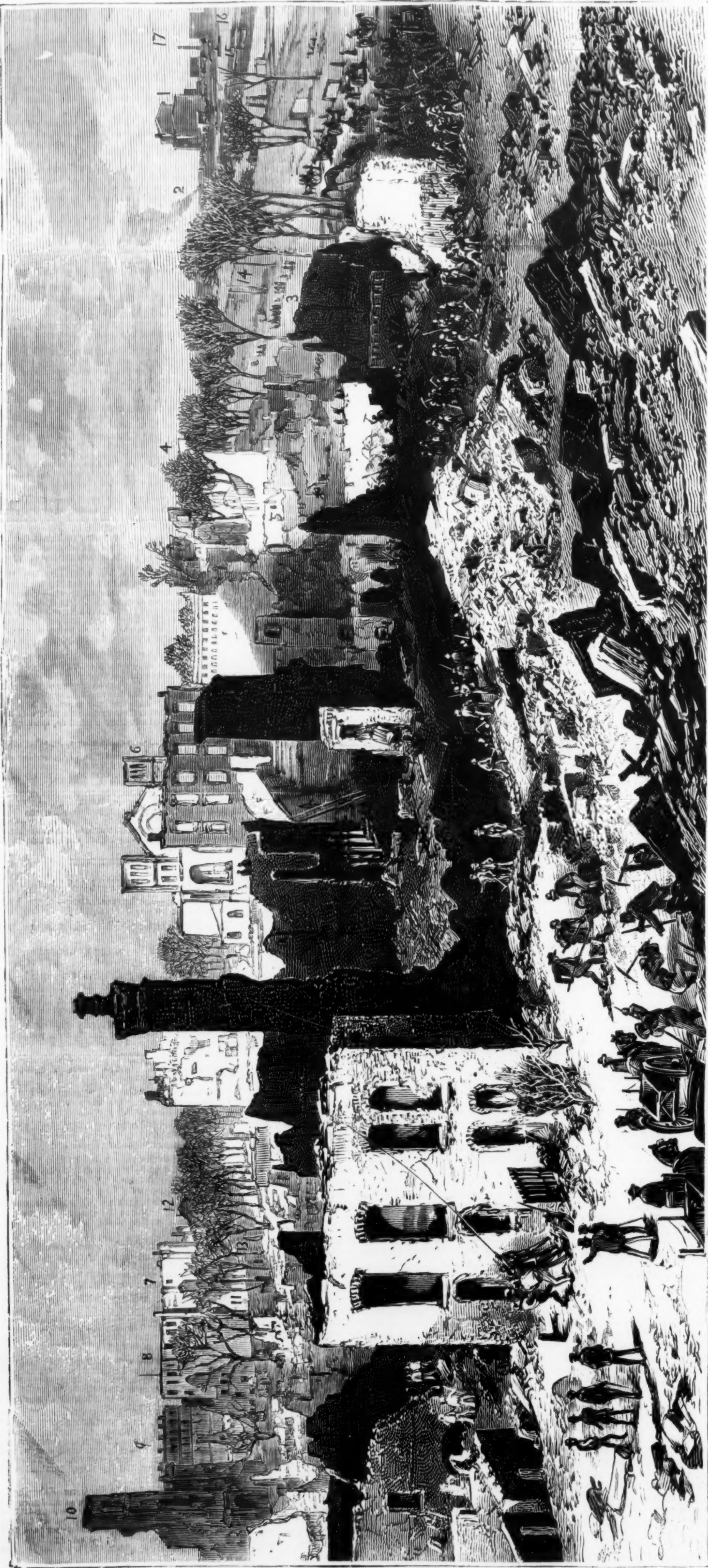
THE question, "Does getting drunk ever advance one's happiness?" would seem to be put to rest by the Irishman who went courting when drunk, and was asked what pleasure he found in whisky: "Oh, Biddy, it's a treat intirely to see two of your purty faces, instead of one!"

"That man," said a wag, "came to London forty years ago, purchased a basket, and commenced gathering rags. How much do you suppose he is worth now?" It was a conundrum we could not answer. "Nothing," he continued, after a pause; "and he owes for the basket."

A TESTIMONIAL, in a contemporary, to the skill of a chiropodist, testifies that "four or five years ago he successfully extracted several corns from my feet without pain, as also members of my family, and they have not returned since that time." This operator should be consulted by those troubled with mothers-in-law.

A KANSAS billiard-table is thus described: "First, in the middle of the floor, was an enormous large box, on which was laid about a wagon-load of sandstone, covered with about eight yards of blue jeans. For pockets, they had old boots; for cues, they used old broken hoe-handles; for balls, they used old count this lovely game, they used dried apples on a clothes-line."



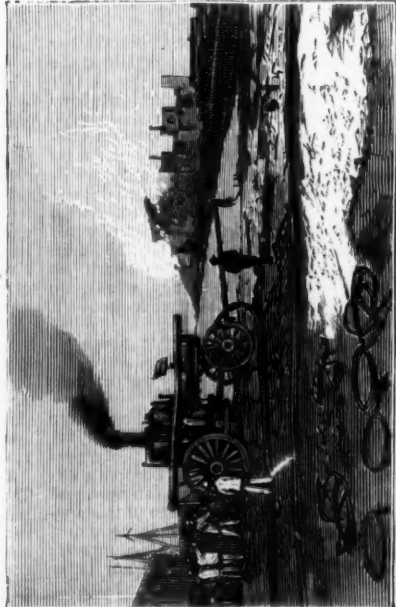


CHICAGO AS IT IS.—PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE RUINS, TAKEN FROM THE MICHIGAN AVENUE HOTEL.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM SHAW.

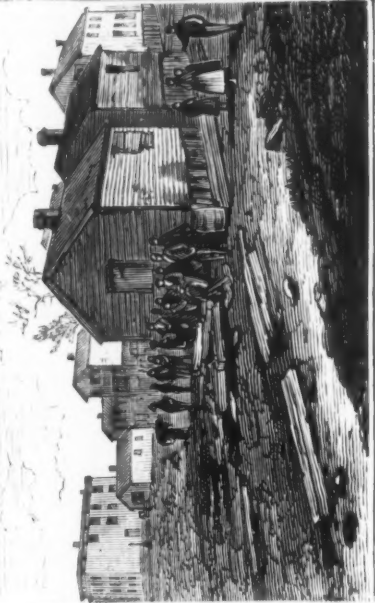
### CHICAGO AS IT IS.

No one who passes along the thoroughfares of Chicago—but a few weeks ago the envy of the West—and is a witness of the hearty efforts of her substantial business men, can doubt that a new prosperity is dawning on the ruins of the stricken city. Scarcely had the bricks and embers cooled than the work of removing the debris and running up new walls was commenced. The newspaper and hotel establishments vied with each other in the task of reconstruction, and the vast mercantile palaces kept close company. Now and then, as one pushes his way amid blackened, crumbling walls, the ears are deafened by the report of falling chimneys and piles of brick, while dense clouds of suffocating dust shoot upward as if blown from one of Vulcan's smithies. Little groups of destitute citizens, leaving their temporary retreats, are still seen, with shovel, pick and bar, delving through masses of brick and mortar in search of some favor-

ite treasure. We witnessed an incident of this character on Wabash Avenue, where the wife and daughter of a prominent merchant, with the assistance of a faithful servant, succeeded in extracting a nugget of gold and silver nearly the size of one's head, the remains of a costly service of plate. Throughout the most aristocratic portions of the city these scenes were of frequent occurrence, as many collections of valuable property had been buried in gardens. But in the great overthrow of residences almost every mark of division-lines was obliterated, and one could scarcely tell on whose premises he was searching for his own pick-nicks. "Come," said a *cicerone*, the day after the rain, "and see our new water-works." "What! Has enterprise gone so far as to rebuild that important structure so soon?" "Come along and see. No danger now of the water supply failing. The works are doing bravely." So on we walked toward the lake. The



CHICAGO AS IT IS.—THE NEW WATER-WORKS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY SHAW.



CHICAGO AS IT IS.—RESIDENCE OF THE FAMILY ON WHOSE PREMISES THE GREAT FIRE ORIGINATED, CORNER OF WILMOTH AND DE LOVAIN STREETS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY SHAW.



tressel-work skirting Lake Park. All along Michigan Avenue huge heaps of bricks and occasional patches of walls gave evidence to the intensity of the fire. In the centre of our view rose the walls of Trinity Church, but one of the many sacred edifices whose glory departed in a few hours. Then crossing Wabash Avenue—difficult to distinguish—the eye rested on a group of gutted structures that were expected to resist any power of destruction save an earthquake. The First National Bank, the attractive Court House, the Post Office, the Custom House, and St. Paul's Church, stood out in bold relief against the smoky sky. Whichever way we turned were glimpses of the terrible conflagration that had swept the finest buildings from their attractive stations.

"Now, sir, 'tis an ill-wind that blows nobody any good." The most extensive cash operations at present going on are conducted by persons who seldom saw a five-dollar bill before the fire, and never owned one. Let us see their stock-in-trade." And away we went on another tramp. The destruction of the Sherman House was complete, and we had already



CHICAGO AS IT IS.—SELLING RELICS OF THE CONFLAGRATION AT THE COURT HOUSE.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR.

ridice at a cent. You want a little gal with yaller hair, eh? Just step 'round the counter; look—Hold on! that's a contraband; take him for

for medicine. Pretty as an angel, and don't eat much. A family of four gals and three boys, well educated, but rather poor for clo's, and

gether in evident haste, were completely covered with tins, plates, shing...s, boards and canvas. The distribution of relief is now being con-

have his gimcracks for to-morrow."

Rattling away from morning until night, this enterprising merchant was determined to do his part in the resuscitation of commercial traffic. At short intervals we passed eight or ten improvised stands, where all manner of relics were exposed for sale.

Yet a little further on, and another picture was unfolded, suggestive of a more substantial thrift. As soon as the panic of the disaster had subsided, bankers, lawyers, drygoods dealers, grocers, real estate brokers, and prominent men in other branches of business, set about obtaining temporary quarters, that their commercial dealings might not be long interrupted.

Here and there, along the former business centre of the city, we passed porters, clerks, and principals themselves, carrying signs, notifying the public of the location of new offices, while others were engaged in placing similar boards on buildings rented at an exorbitant rate. Some small structures, nailed together in evident haste, were completely covered with tins, plates, shing...s, boards and canvas. The distribution of relief is now being con-



CHICAGO AS IT IS.—RUINS OF THE U. S. POST OFFICE AND CUSTOM HOUSE.



CHICAGO AS IT IS.—RUINS OF THE SHERMAN HOUSE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SHAW.

spent several hours in the vicinity, seeing the workmen engaged in hauling safes from the ruins. Now, however, different, and the activity of a directly opposite character. On drawing out some safes, they were found so much injured that the owners blew them open to see the extent of damage received by the contents.

It will also be remembered that many fancy dealers, as well as merchants in other articles, lost vast quantities of goods during the confusion of that frightful Monday night. These facts will explain the "cash operations" now in progress.

On one corner of the street a safe had been blown open and rifled of its contents, when a little Arab of the street, having picked up what others dropped in the stampede, took possession of the abandoned "stand," leaped over the side, and displaying a sign, harangued the crowd to purchase his stock of goods: "These cheeny babies I've selling without regard to cost. Twins be goin' at ten cents; single cherubs, six. Here be's some looneys with their heads knocked in. If any good ladies will take care of 'em, I'll sac

three cents. Ah, here's the gal, and only fifteen cents; she's real cheap, cut all her teeth, been waxinated, and won't cost a dollar a year

hungry as a coon, will be knocked down at one and sixpence. Hurry up; I must close this 'ere stock to-night as I've ran aoul a peddler, and

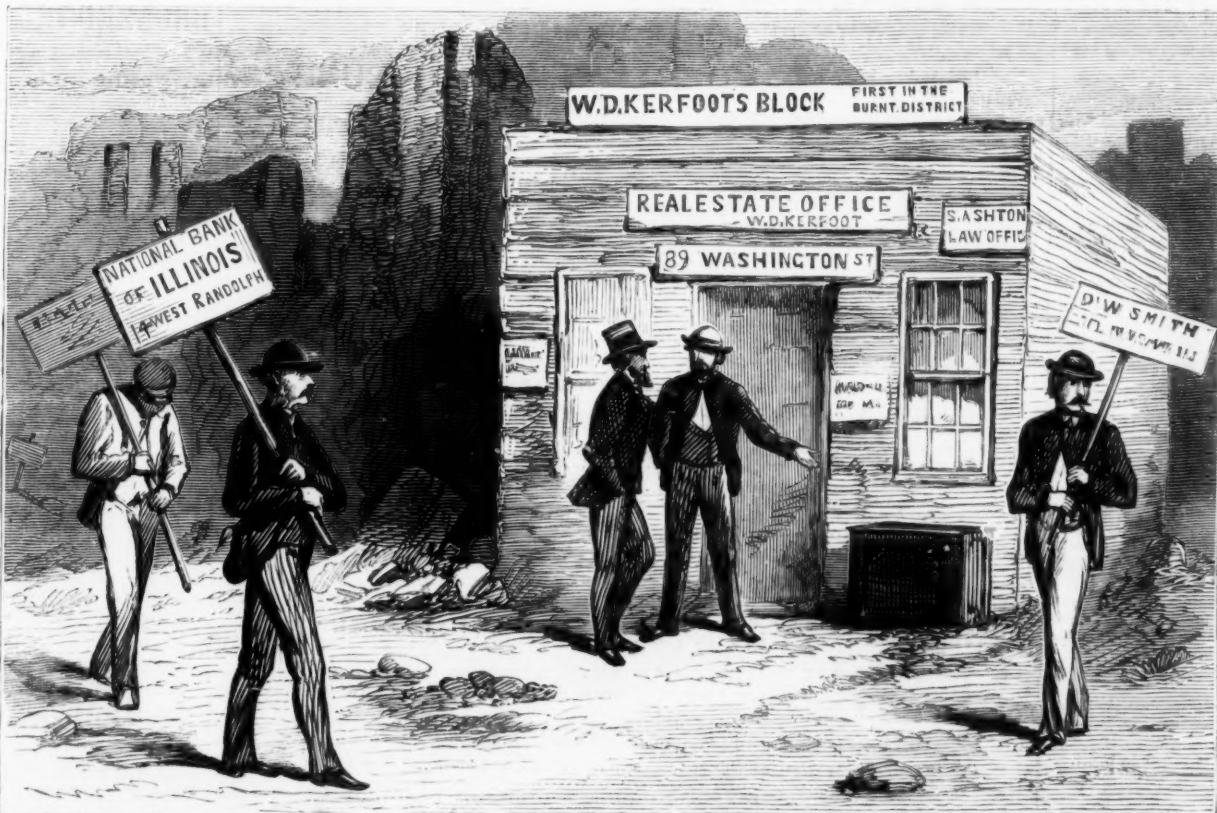
ducted on a more perfect system, and as a consequence the really destitute stand a far better chance of having their necessities considered.

The many relief stations are thronged every day, and the scenes remind one of those attending the field labors of the Sanitary Commission during the war.

The following notes will explain the figures on our panoramic view of the ruins:

1. Elevator A.
2. Elevator 2, showing fifty feet of burning wheat.
3. Michigan Avenue.
4. Ruins of Michigan Central Dépôt.
5. Michigan Avenue Terrace.
6. Trinity Church.
7. First National Bank.
8. Court House.
9. Post Office and Custom House.
10. St. Paul's Church.
11. McVickar's Theatre.
12. Opera House.
13. Wabash Avenue.
14. Lake Park.
15. Railroad Tressel-work.
16. Lake Michigan.
17. Light House.

An effort of industry characteristic of *Tyburn's Literary Record* has given us an essay on Dakota bibliography. The 25,000 Sioux Indians are en-



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KID, CLOTH, Etc.  
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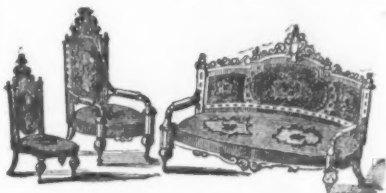
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There is scarcely any difference in the cost of  
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FFAFFIDAVIT.—W. G. Wilson, President of the  
Wilson Sewing Machine Co., personally appeared before  
me, and made oath that the above prices are correct, and taken  
by him from Circulars published in the United States and  
England under the corporate names of the Companies manu-  
facturing said machines. FRED. SMITH,  
Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas of Cuyahoga Co., O.

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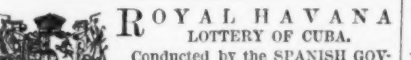
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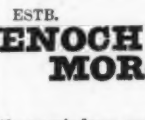


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